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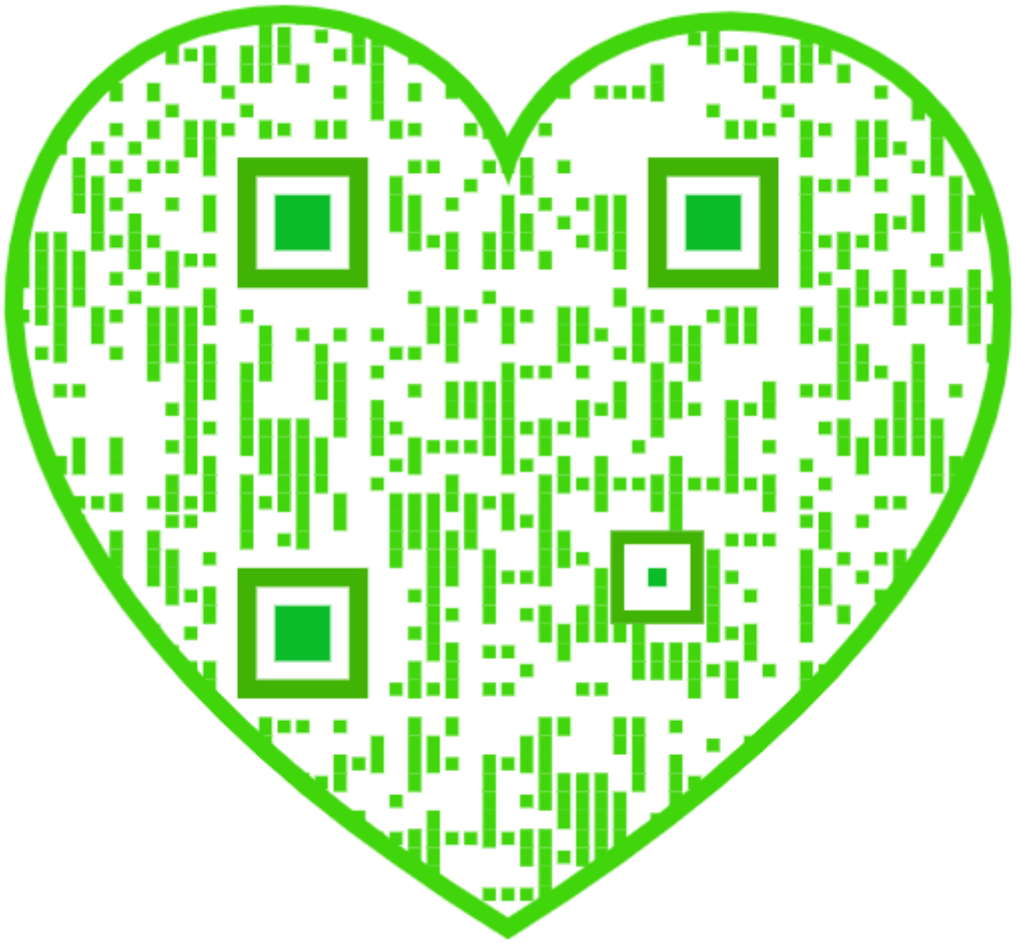

STATE CAPITOL, AUSTIN, TEXAS

TEXAS HEROES

A READER FOR SCHOOLS

BY

KATIE DAFFAN

AUTHOR OF "WOMAN IN HISTORY" AND
"THE WOMAN ON THE PINE SPRINGS ROAD"

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INTRODUCTION

The object of "Texas Heroes" is to create in the mind of the child a love for those men who gave their strength, their talent and their life blood for Texas, and to stimulate a desire to dip deeper into the wonderful history of our State.

Nothing can speak like a life. It is not what men say but what they do that makes history. Bold lines of endeavor, faithful purpose, persistence and patience, shorn of all affectation, speak to the world as can no other forces. Such lives were those lived by the heroes of Texas, those men who gave their service and talent when they were needed, and who, as willingly, gave their brave lives when Texas called for them.

In the preparation of this Reader I have consulted documents and histories in our State Library, including Brown's History of Texas, Yoakum's History of Texas, Bolton and Barker: "With the Makers of Texas," The Quarterlies of the Texas Historical Association, the "Texas Biographical Souvenir," "Texas Indian Fighters," Bancroft's History of the United States, the reports of the American Bureau of Ethnology and the letters and memoranda preserved in the State Archives.

To Mr. E. W. Winkler, State Librarian, I wish to express my deep appreciation for his assistance

in selecting such references as were of practical use in the preparation and arrangement of the Reader.

To Dr. Eugene C. Barker, head of the School of History in the University of Texas, joint author of "With the Makers of Texas," and a "School History of Texas," who has read the manuscript in part, I am indebted for valuable suggestions.

Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker, author of Pennybacker's "History of Texas," for fifteen years a text in the public schools of Texas has read the manuscript, and I am indebted to her for kind suggestions.

Mr. P. W. Horn, Superintendent of the Public Schools of Houston, has given me practical aid in adapting the matter here included to the instruction and entertainment of school children.

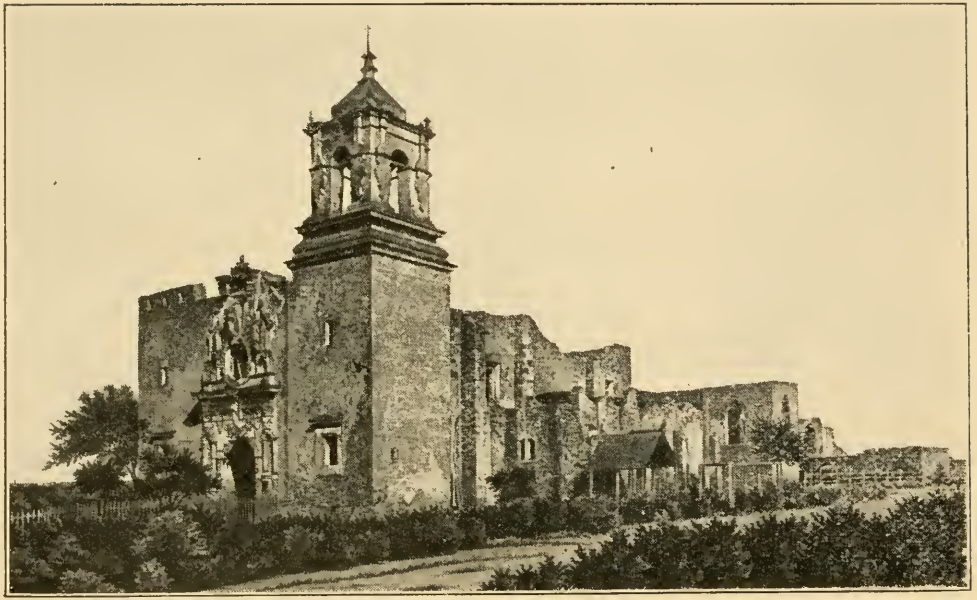
Dr. A. B. Conley, State Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds, has assisted me in procuring appropriate illustrations for the Reader.

I trust that the noble endeavor and the achievements of the Texas Heroes may influence the life of every boy and girl in Texas.

I suggest that the book be read by the children of the *fourth* or *fifth* years, depending upon the grading of the school and the attainment of particular classes.

KATIE DAFFAN.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, SEPTEMBER, 1912.



MISSION SAN JOSE, SAN ANTONIO

TEXAS HEROES

THE MISSION HOME

The good Franciscan priests gave their service, sometimes their noble lives, in building and keeping up the missions. They founded missions for the purpose of civilizing and making Christians of the Indians in Texas, though in their time Texas was not called "Texas" but "The New Philippines." These priests, who knew much about men, said, "The first thing we have to do is to make these Indians into *men*, and afterwards to make them Christians."

FIRST LESSONS

Some of the good lessons that the priests tried to teach the Indians were to be patient and to love their enemies and not try to scalp them, and this is a hard lesson for an Indian to learn. The priests gave the Indians comfortable clothes and good food. They also tried to teach them to read, to have good, regular habits, to cultivate the soil, and to raise cattle. The great difficulty which the priests found was to teach the Indian to *love* his work. Sometimes he would work for a little present, or from fear of being punished, but

very few Indians took up work just for the love of it. Laziness was one of the prominent traits of the Indian character. The women worked harder and did better work than the men. They learned to weave coarse, heavy cloth, to make baskets and blankets, but the men were so lazy the priests could hardly make them work at all. Herding cattle was about all they cared to do and it was usually by force that the priests made them do other things.

THE PRIESTS

The priests had great faith in God and they were good, humble men, or they could never have lived through their many trials with the Indians. They worked on, day after day, with no thought of reward, and they did not own property of any kind, for their business was " to beg and to preach."

They went bare-footed, and wore a coarse, woolen garment like a cloak, open at the throat. From a heavy cord around their waists hung a rope with a whip or scourge tied to the end of it.

When the Indians were sick the priests watched by their bedside until they were well again, and, in every way, were just as kind as the Indians would let them be.

Some of the priests when they came to the wilderness of Texas were very young, and spent their entire lives teaching the savages, never returning to their homes or again meeting their old friends and the members of their families. Such heroism as this is

found only among those who are deeply interested in the welfare of others.

THE FIRST MISSIONS

The country was unknown to the priests. Much of it was wilderness. They had to bring with them the tools with which they were to work, so their first efforts in mission building were very poor.

A SWIFT RUNNER*

The first mission buildings were cabins made of logs covered with the boughs and branches of trees laced or tied together. One part of these queer houses was used for the prayer and praise service which was held every day. Another part was a hospital where the sick ones were cared for; another part was where the priests and soldiers lived; and still another was where the Indians lived.

The Indians watched the mission builders put up

*(Picture from Eggleston's "Stories of American Life and Adventure," Copyright, 1895, by American Book Company. Used by permission.)

these strange houses and, at first, they were interested and tried to assist them. They cut down trees and carried water, and for this assistance the priests gave them little presents and always treated them kindly. But the Indians were not regular workers and soon tired of helping the priests.

LIFE IN THE MISSIONS

Each Indian had his own particular duty assigned to him, and he was required to perform it or be punished. When the Indians came in from their work at noon they were given good, wholesome food, after which they returned to their work. The day was closed with an evening service.

The permanent missions, built of stone, were often used as forts by the people who sought protection. Not only did the priests care for the Indians who were on the inside, but they kept away the unfriendly ones on the outside. They sometimes took care of travelers who, had it not been for the priests' protection, would have lost their lives at the hands of the savage Indians.

The mission building, usually erected around a square, included a room for worship, rooms for the priests and soldiers, and nearby cabins for the converted Indians. A Presidio (Prä-sēē′-dĭ-ō), or military fort, was attached to each large mission, and it was intended that each Presidio should have a Commandant and a number of soldiers.

A high wall surrounded the mission, a heavy iron

gate was locked at night, and the key was safely kept by the priests. So enemies were kept away and the Indians on the inside were not allowed to get away.

A heavy, sweet-toned bell hung in a tall tower to call the Indians to and from their work, and to give the alarm when some Indian could not be found.

The village grew up around the mission and the Presidio, and the unmarried soldiers lived in the Presidio. The settlers, and the soldiers who had families, lived in the village.

The soldiers were not very helpful to the priests for they were often unkind to the Indians and they were quarrelsome. They were cowardly in their dealings and the Indians had little respect for them. Though they were well paid to protect the priests and the Indians, they gave nearly as much trouble as the Indians did.

INDIAN CHILDREN

Indian children were born in the missions and the priests were kind to the Indian mothers and their babies. The priests baptized and named the little Indian babies when they were only a few hours old, giving each baby a saint's name and a little present which the mother put away carefully and kept for him.

A record of all births, deaths and marriages was kept, and some of these baptismal lists, which show the date and place of birth, are still in existence. The Indian children enjoyed life, for there were streams for them to wade, high trees to climb,

nuts to gather, and berries to pick. The priests taught the Indian children the catechism in a separate class from the older Indians. Sometimes they would teach the children under the shade of the trees or on the big rocks near the banks of a river. The children all loved the priests and learned their lessons in the catechism better than the older Indians did.

THE RESTLESS INDIANS

It was very hard for the Indians to learn to love God better than they loved their hunting ground, and to unlearn some of the things that they had learned before the priests came. They had been worshiping many gods, now they must worship just one God.

Sometimes the Indians were so restless that it was impossible for the priests to keep them at the missions. All forms of civilization seemed a burden that they could not bear. They longed for the deep, swift streams, their hunting grounds, their wild riding over the prairies, and their old time life as free as the fresh, crisp air.

The priests, who understood the Indians' nature, used every care and kindness, controlling them gently but firmly. Sometimes, in spite of all that the priests could do, the Indians ran away and it took the priests a long time to bring them back to the missions. They punished them for running away but never cruelly. The men were punished publicly and the women privately.

MISSIONS ARE DEAR TO TEXAS

Some of these mission buildings are still in very good condition, some are only partially preserved, while others have long ago fallen into dust and decay.

The remains of these mission buildings are very dear to Texas. Though other states in the Union have made rapid progress and in their improved lands, cities and towns reached great prosperity, Texas is one of the few states which hold within their borders these old ruins which tell of a work of self-sacrifice so needed and so full of the Christian spirit of civilization.

Texas today reaps the benefit of the work of the Franciscan Priests.

THE PIRATE OF SOUTHERN SEAS

Jean LaFitte (Zhŏn Lä fēēt′), born in Bayonne, France, when a small boy removed with his parents to the West Indies. There often occurred in the West Indies trouble with the negroes who lived there, which troubles were called uprisings, or insurrections. These drove many of the white people away. Jean LaFitte, with his father, mother and brother, went to New Orleans for safety, and there made a home.

Jean and his brother Pierre (Pē′-ēr) were very energetic boys and wanted to do something to help their mother and father who had lost all of their property and were having a hard time. They knew no one in New Orleans to whom they could go for help. The two boys said they would open a blacksmith shop, for that was a good and useful trade, and as all of the traveling was on horseback or in carriages and wagons they thought they could make money, and they did.

Their blacksmith shop on Phillips Street became a popular and much visited place for travelers who were passing through the city and the LaFittes were kept busy. Their anvil sounded early and late and they worked with a will. Strangers would often stop and look at these two boys, tall, straight and dark-eyed.

Often they would stop for a second look, for these two boys were different from the boys that were on the streets every day.

Jean took the lead in everything, and he told Pierre what to do and how to do it. He decided that they were not making money fast enough and that the trade of the blacksmith was not one that he would like to follow all through life. So one day Jean told Pierre that he was going away and that he needn't look for him until he saw him, and that the next time he saw him he would have a fortune.

Jean had found a man who was a smuggler. A ship smuggler is one who gets his ships into port without paying duty on their contents, the fee that the government charges to let the vessels enter the port. This smuggler employed Jean to help get the vessels through, which was, of course, a very dishonest employment.

Large vessels came to the port at New Orleans and brought merchandise, precious lace, wood, metal, ornaments and slaves.

LaFitte lived down the Mississippi on a beautiful island called Barrataria (Bär-rä-tā′-rĭä), and sometimes he and the men who helped him smuggle goods and capture ships would meet there at night. They would look over the wonderful goods that they had captured and try to estimate their value. They took the greatest care that nobody should find them on their island home.

Everybody had heard of Jean LaFitte and they knew that his hiding place was somewhere near New Orleans, but just where nobody knew. They thought about him as a bold, fearless sea captain, who just looked at a ship then took everything that he wanted. LaFitte took great pains that nobody should ever see him, though *he* seemed to see everybody.

Before long the sea trade of New Orleans was nearly ruined by LaFitte's piracies, and the United States said it would have to stop. For a long time the officers on the ships searched for LaFitte on the wooded banks of the river and in the city of New Orleans, but, at last, Commodore Patterson of the United States Navy found the treasure island, Barrataria.

A war was going on at this time between the United States and Great Britain, called the war of 1812. La Fitte was offered a position in the navy of Great Britain. He was such a fine sea captain that Great Britain wanted him to be on her side, and she knew what trials she would have if he were on the other side. He considered her offer for a while, then decided that he had better not accept it. He decided to go to New Orleans and offer his services to General Andrew Jackson of the army of the United States.

General Jackson accepted his services, and in the famous battle of New Orleans, fought January the eighth, 1815, LaFitte gave such splendid service that President Madison of the United States said he

would forgive him for all of his misdeeds committed before that time.

Next we find LaFitte on Galveston Island. He obtained permission from the government of Venezuela to " prey upon the commerce of Spain," that is, to capture or plunder their ships. He rose to the full limit of this permission, and with his band of companions and his stout vessels he made himself very rich with the stores that he captured.

LaFitte told all of the officers of these vessels that he was the Governor of Texas under the revolutionary government of Mexico. They all believed him, and, in fact, he had, probably, received some kind of an appointment from the Mexican commissioner at New Orleans.

LaFitte required the officers and owners of the vessels in port to take the oath of allegiance to the Republic of Mexico. They had to say that they would protect Mexico and be her citizens. He knew something about government as well as about plundering vessels.

LAFITTE ORGANIZES A GOVERNMENT

LaFitte organized a government on board one of his ships the " *Carmelita Grey*," anchored in the harbor.

The officers of his government were a Military Commandant, a Judge of Admiralty, a Notary Public, a Marine Commandant, a Secretary of State, Secretary of the Treasury, Administrator of Revenue, and a Mayor. His purpose in organizing a government was to capture the large Spanish vessels.. His company

of pirates, as they boldly put out to sea under the Mexican flag, called themselves "privateers."

Both the United States and Spain complained of what LaFitte was doing, but both were afraid of him.

Spain was afraid that the United States would claim Galveston Island if LaFitte and his pirates were stopped or captured by the United States ships. The United States did not hasten to stop him, so LaFitte was left undisturbed in his business of capturing vessels, big and little, and making of himself the richest man on the continent.

THE PIRATES STEAL AN INDIAN GIRL

One day some of LaFitte's pirates were out hunting and they saw a pretty Karankawa (Kä-ränk′-ä-wä) Indian girl. As they were in the habit of taking everything that they wanted they stole this girl. Until this ugly deed was committed these Indians had been friendly with the pirates, but this made them very angry and they attacked a party of the pirates and killed four of them. LaFitte at once marched against the Indians, attacking three hundred of them who were encamped near "The three trees," a point on the island. After a sharp attack, in which thirty of their number were killed, the Indians scattered and hurried to the main land. Not one of the pirates was killed but most of them were crippled by the Indians' arrows.

LAFITTE IS CAPTURED

In 1820, LaFitte and his pirates plundered and sank a vessel in Matagorda Bay. This was too much for

the United States, and so officers were sent to look into the affair. Very soon the United States sent an armed vessel under Lieutenant Karnes to break up the pirates' hold for all time.

LaFitte's home on Galveston Island, called " The red house," was a large, comfortable place, where many visitors had been entertained. When he heard that Lieutenant Karnes was coming he went out to meet him, thinking that he could overpower him with fine speeches and great politeness, and take him to the red house, where he would give him a fine dinner. He had done this with other visitors and had won them over to his side, but this time fine speeches, politeness and a fine dinner were not the things required. Bold, fearless LaFitte, at last, was forced to yield. Taking with him his favorite lieutenant, and sixty of his men, he spread his sails to the breeze and left the coast of Texas, never to return. He died about the year 1826.

HOW A WOMAN KEPT THE FORT

In 1819, Galveston Island was a lonely, desolate place, occupied only by the pirate LaFitte. Beautiful as it is today with a stately city, an attractive beach, fertile gardens and farms, then it was a lonely stretch of land, and the only sounds to be heard were the cries and calls of sea-birds, and the doleful sighing and moaning of the big gulf waves.

No ships freighted with precious stores from all parts of the world came to port, and no boating and sailing parties, joyous with young voices and gay music, went out at the evening time. But with lonely sounds in her ears and a dull pain in her heart, a brave woman, each day, strained her eyes to find the vessel that would bring to her the beloved face she longed to see, or a message of good news. This brave woman was Mrs. Jane Wilkinson Long. When she was very young she had married Dr. James Long, a young surgeon, who fought with General Jackson in the battle of New Orleans and whom General Jackson called "The young lion." The love of a soldier's life and for a bold adventure, and the daring scenes of the battlefield filled the heart of young Dr. Long, so he made up his mind to come into the new country, the west, in search of

opportunities to fight for the weak against the strong.

DR. LONG HELPS TEXAS

When Mexico was doing her best to be free from Spain's cruel treatment, Dr. Long organized a band of brave men to save that portion of Mexico called Texas. In organizing and getting these men together, he was away from his home much of the time and he often found himself in dangerous places.

On many long and tiresome rides he was accompanied by his young wife who seemed never to tire so long as she could be near her husband and help him. And by her bright, cheerful manner and gentle speech she kept his spirits up.

In 1820, Dr. Long had to take the long journey to La Bahia, now Goliad, a trip exposing him to many dangers. But brave men do not stop at dangers, so he went right on, with only one worry in his heart, and that was that he would have to leave his devoted wife to wait for his return, for it was impossible for her to accompany him. He made her as comfortable as he could in a rude fort at Bolivar (Bŏl′-ĭ-vär) Point, a high point of land across the bay from Galveston Island.

For the days to pass and pass one after the other, all alike, and for the only thing that we wish for, never, never to come, requires a faith that all of us do not possess. The days passed but no news came to the faithful wife.

MRS. LONG IS LEFT IN THE FORT

One day the two guards that Dr. Long had left to protect his wife in the fort deserted their post, leaving Mrs. Long alone with her little daughter and one servant. Early and late Mrs. Long looked out to sea, searching for a sail. Two or three times vessels on their way to New Orleans touched at the point to carry her on to New Orleans for safety, but she would not go, as she had not given up hope that her husband, somewhere delayed, was on his way to her and their little one.

Among the dangers which she had to face were the visits of the Karankawa (Kä-rănk′-ä-wā) Indians who, now that LaFitte was no longer on the Island, came often to their old haunts. One time Mrs. Long saw a band of them coming in the direction of the fort, and when they were near, she fired a cannon to make them think the fort was defended. She did not dare leave the fort in the daytime, but during the night she would send her servant to the beach to gather oysters, her only food.

In the winter of 1820, Galveston Bay was a sheet of ice and Mrs. Long's faithful servant, Kian (Kēē′-ŏn), found frozen fish beneath the ice. She and Mrs. Long, by cutting a hole in the ice, obtained a good supply of fish, which they packed in brine for their winter use.

One day a strange visitor came to the fort, but he behaved himself and made no trouble. As Kian and Mrs. Long's little daughter sat one day looking out upon the frozen front yard, a big brown bear slowly walked

across the ice up to the fort. Mrs. Long's watch-dog, "Galveston," barked loud and long, but other than this no disturbance came from his visit.

All things, even waiting and sorrow, have to end, and the end can be worse than the waiting. One evening, a Mexican, sent by General Palacios (Pä-lä′-sĭōs), at San Antonio, came to the fort with a message. It was the message for which Mrs. Long had watched and waited and prayed throughout the months of her loneliness.

"A STRANGE VISITOR"*

It brought no news of the early return of her husband, but it told her that he had been killed in the city of Mexico. Soon another messenger came, providing mules to carry her, her two little girls, and Kian to San Antonio, for one little girl had been born during the lonely wait at Bolivar Point. The Mexican officials in San Antonio treated Mrs. Long as the widow of a hero and a patriot.

Her life went on until eighty years were reached,

*(Picture from Eggleston's "Stories of American Life and Adventure." Copyright, 1895, by American Book Company. Used by permission.)

years given to the care and happiness of others. She died as she had lived, devoted to her never-to-be-forgotten beloved dead.

OUR FIRST INHABITANTS

When the Franciscan priests came to Texas to establish missions, in order first to civilize and then make Christians of the Indians, they found many scattered tribes all through the country.

Each tribe had its own chief, and the Indians who were members of a tribe were faithful to their chief, whom they obeyed and followed. When a member of a tribe was disobedient he was punished. The various tribes did not speak the same language, they had different habits and they dressed differently. Some of the tribes wore their hair long, some wore it short, some wore tall head feathers, others wore feathers in a kind of collar or cape around their necks. Some wore beads of every color and kind, others wore some other kind of decoration. These little differences in dress showed that they were members of different tribes.

Though the *dress* was not exactly the same in every tribe, every Indian in every tribe loved to fish and to hunt. Some of the tribes lived almost entirely by fishing, and they were wonderful swimmers. The swiftest, strongest currents of the rivers could not frighten them.

The Texas of the day of the early Indian was grazed

over by the buffalo, the gray prairie grass was the hiding place of quail and partridge, and deer roamed through the wild forests. So the entire country over which the Indians journeyed on their small ponies was a "happy hunting ground."

INDIAN CHIEF*

Until the priests came to teach them, the Indians did not seem to care to build houses, cultivate the soil or improve their minds or bodies in any way.

The Indians in Mexico, unlike those in Texas, were very industrious. They made fine cloth by spinning and weaving, built beautiful temples, founded schools and even painted pictures.

The weapons of the Texas Indians were bows and arrows. The bow was made of a strong, slender

*(Picture from Hitchcock's "Louisiana Purchase." Copyrighted by Ginn and Company. Used by permission.)

branch of a tree, and the string was usually made of deer skin. The arrows were sometimes made of flint, and sometimes of wood with a flint point. Sometimes the Indians used a short-handled axe, and a long, keen knife with which they scalped the white men. Later they used rifles and pistols, bought, stolen or captured from the white men.

AN INDIAN BABY CARRIAGE

The Indian mother carried her baby, called a "papoose," in a slipper-shaped straw basket on her back. This basket was strapped across the mother's shoulders and around her waist and it was a very comfortable bed for the baby. This strange baby carriage did not interfere with the mother's work or with her taking long journeys over the country.

SOME OF THE TRIBES

The Cenis (Sā′-nēēs) Indians lived near Buffalo bayou and on the Trinity River, where their chief trading village was located. The Cenis Indians more nearly lived a home life than many of the other tribes. They planted trees close together and tied the branches over head, covering them with dry vines, which made a very good warm shelter. They made beds for themselves, they would not sleep on the ground, and only two families were allowed to occupy one of these tree-covered houses. Their villages were large and orderly, and corn was raised each year and traded with the Comanches for horses, money or silverware.

The Lipans (Lĭp′-ans) and the Karankawas (Kä-

rănk′-ä-wās) lived along the coast and along the lower Brazos and Colorado rivers. They could run faster than the other Indians and they were among the best fishermen and hunters. The Asinais, (Häs-ē′-nās), the Adaes (Ä-dä′-ās), and the Aes (Īsh), lived between the Neches and the Sabine rivers. These three tribes were a part of the Caddo nation and like the Cenis Indians, they were peaceful and home-loving. But Indians, even the most quiet ones, will fight if they are angry or if they have good cause to fight. No Indian can really get along or be happy long at a time without a fight.

The Tonkawas (Tŏnk′-ä-wās) roamed wildly over the prairie, on the rivers and through the woods between the Colorado and the Guadalupe, below the stretch of mountains which made a natural protection for them from their enemies, the fierce Comanches.

Along the valley of the Brazos River wandered the scattered tribes of the Waco (Wā′-cō) Indians, who built their main village near the center of their roaming ground.

To the north and the east of the Wacoes were the Tehuacana (Tā-wä′-cä-nä) Indians who were like them in habits and who were friendly with them.

The Comanches and the Kiowas (Kē-ō′-wäs) lived in the northwest, and of all the tribes in Texas they were the greatest wanderers. They were wild, swift riders, and they would mount their ponies and fly across the prairies at a moment's notice, attacking villages, and laying waste the country generally. They loved to

kill, the sight of blood was good to their savage hearts, and they would steal anything.

These two tribes took delight in attacking the Spaniards and they kept them running to and fro in constant terror.

The Apaches (Ä-pätch′-ēēs) were also a wild, fierce tribe, who came in after the Comanches and worked their way into central and southern Texas.

Near Goliad lived the Anaquas (Än′-ä-kwäs), the Bidais (Bēē-dä-is) were on the Trinity, and here and there may still be found remnants of other early tribes, the Anadarcos (Än-ä-där′-cōs), the Ionies (E-ō′-nēēs), the Keechies (Kēē′-chēēs), and the Wichitas (Wĭtch′-ĭ-täws).

Early in the 19th century a part of the Arkansas Cherokee Indians wanted to come into Texas to live, so they obtained permission and a grant of land from the Mexican government. But though their good friend, General Houston, tried to assist them, their right to the land was never made clear.

In 1839, the Cherokee Chief, Bowl, and a large number of his men were killed and the remaining Cherokees were sent out of Texas.

These are some of the early Indians in Texas, our first inhabitants, but there were portions of other tribes who wandered in and out, never stopping except to plunder or to send a swift arrow into some unsuspecting camp.

HOW THE INDIANS BROKE UP A PARTY

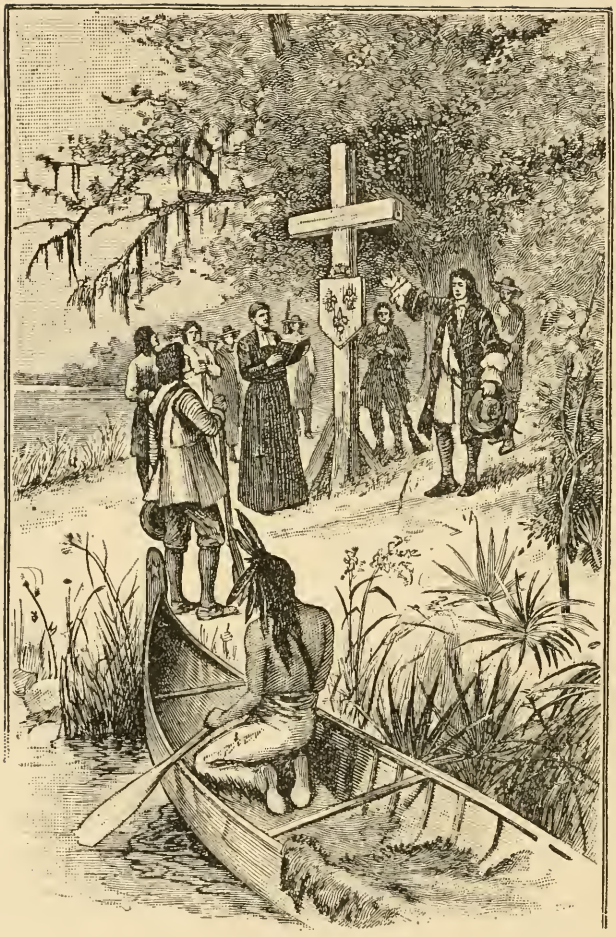
One night a brave man in east Texas sent to the

woods a large band of Indians who were bent upon the worst form of murderous mischief. Young Alexander Horton, who later fought well at San Jacinto, went to a party one night in the country a good many miles from where he lived. As it was such a long distance from his home in San Augustine he rode on horseback. While the young folks at the party were dancing, a swift messenger rode up to the house with the news that Alexander Horton's mother was being murdered by the Indians. Of course this brought the party to an end. Horton mounted his horse and rode at hot speed to his home, praying that he might arrive in time to save his mother.

As he approached his home he saw the Indians in the front yard, on the porch, and in the house. His mother was bound hand and foot, and the cowardly Indians were ready to give the death blow.

Horton, whose appearance on the scene startled the murderers, took unerring aim, killed one Indian and wounded another. The other Indians, now hidden behind the shrubbery and trees, took away their dead and wounded and hurried into the woods. From that time Horton had no more trouble with the Indians, though they lived very near his home.

Horton's action shows that quick, personal courage can get the best of an Indian, and in the presence of this kind of courage the Indian runs away just as fast as he can, never looking back.



THE LANDING OF LA SALLE

(Picture from Hitchcock's "Louisiana Purchase."
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A BRAVE SOLDIER OF FRANCE

Rene-Robert Cavelier (Kä-väl′-yā) de La Salle (Lä Säll′) was born in Rouen (Rōō′-ā), the capital of Normandy, France, in 1643. He has been called the "father of colonization" because he was among the very first to bring settlers into the great middle-west country of the United States.

When all of the countries in Europe, France among them, began to talk about "America! America!" great numbers of men and ships were sent over to take possession of the wonderful new country. Young LaSalle, bold and restless, said he wanted to go to Canada, where he thought he could make a fortune among the fur traders and trappers, and go he did. In a light boat, called by the Indians a *canoe*, made of the bark of trees and deer skin, he explored all of the scattered lakes and rivers of Canada. The people in Europe did not know how big America was; they knew that the Pacific Ocean was somewhere west of the Great Lakes, and that is all that they did know with certainty.

LaSalle thought he could go up the St. Lawrence River, through the lakes to Lake Superior, and from the western outlet of Lake Superior he would be in easy reach of the Pacific ocean, then he would sail

for China. All of this he wanted to do for France! for then the route of travel from Asia to Europe would be under the control of France, and that alone would make France's possessions in the new world of enormous value.

The Indians, with whom LaSalle made friends, told him about a great river that they called the "Father of Waters." LaSalle thought that, maybe, this river was the route to the Pacific ocean. So, after he had received permission from the Governor of Canada, he set out to find the "Father of Waters," the great river which we call the Mississippi.

For eleven winters the courageous LaSalle wandered amid the ice and snow. Across the lakes, up and down the St. Lawrence, at the head waters of the Mississippi, and it was not until February, 1682, he came upon the "Father of Waters," which he called "Colbert" (Kōl′-bär) in honor of one of the greatest men at the Court of France, the Finance Minister or Treasurer of Louis XIV.

When LaSalle, at last, found the river, it was so blocked with ice and snow, that he and his men could do nothing but stop and camp until the snow melted. Some of his brave men had died and others had become disheartened. Many times none of them could find enough to eat.

When the ice melted they set forth and journeyed to the mouth of what we now call the Missouri river, where they made their first long stop. The Indians in

a little Indian village located there received them very kindly.

LaSalle and his men continued to travel down the "Father of Waters," stopping again for some days at the mouth of what is now called the Ohio River. Here his men found much game, and plenty of fish, and they explored the beautiful forests.

LONG LIVE THE KING!

As they floated and paddled on the river, they noticed a change in the look of the country. They had left behind them all of the ice and all of the snow. The banks of the river were no longer high and steep, but were growing wider and wider, and were in some places covered with flowers which filled the air with sweet odors. The trees were tall and fine, and the men were delighted with the beautiful new country.

At last there was salt in the water and in the breeze, the water was more quiet, and LaSalle knew that they were nearing the sea. It was not, however, the Pacific ocean but the Gulf of Mexico that they were approaching. LaSalle and his men landed and took possession of the country, and shouted with ringing voices: "Long live the King!" Then, with a fervent prayer, they erected a cross, upon which were carved the arms of France and the words, "Louis the Great reigns. April 9, 1682." Then LaSalle dedicated the country to God and to Louis XIV, King of France, naming it Louisiana in the King's honor.

LaSalle was so rejoiced over the beautiful country

that he had found that he determined to go back to Canada, then to France, where he would lay before his beloved king a plan to found a new and greater France. He was eager to obtain the royal permission to make settlements along the wonderful river.

LASALLE RETURNS TO FRANCE

LaSalle carried out his plan, going first to Canada, thence to France, arriving at *Rochelle* (Rō-shel′) in December, 1683. The King loved LaSalle and called him a brave, loyal soldier. He listened with close attention to LaSalle's accounts of the Indians whom he wanted to make Christians and to his plan of adding to France such a wonderful country, with its rich lands and mighty rivers.

LaSalle told the King of his hardships, the sickness and death of his men, but not once did he say he was discouraged or that he wanted to give up. This pleased the King and he said he would do everything that he could to assist LaSalle in carrying out his great purpose for France.

The King made LaSalle a nobleman, gave him permission to control every bit of the great fur trade of Canada, and appointed him governor of all the lands that he might discover.

LASALLE RETURNS TO AMERICA

Very soon LaSalle was ready to return to the new country. Four ships were prepared for him: A man-of-war, the *Joli* (Zhō′-lē), the frigate *Belle*, a gift from the King to LaSalle, the *Amiable* (Ä-miä′-bl) and *St.*

RENE-ROBERT CAVELIER DE LA SALLE.

Francis, supply ships, which carried food, clothing and goods for trading with the Indians.

Fifty soldiers, twelve families, with priests and some young gentlemen adventurers set sail from Rochelle, July 24, 1684. An accident happened to the *Joli* and she had to return to Rochelle to be repaired, so the final start was not made until August.

The sea was very rough, and after the first few days, which were full of excitement and wonder, some of the men grew discontented and were very disagreeable. The naval commander, Captain *Beaujeu* (Bō′-zhū), had a quarrel with LaSalle which became more and more serious as the journey advanced. Troubles came fast, the *St. Francis*, a slow sailer, was captured by a Spanish ship, and the rest of the fleet was delayed at the West Indies. LaSalle had a long and dangerous illness, and others were ill from the changes in the climate, but finally in spite of all of their troubles the fleet entered the Gulf of Mexico.

As they journeyed further and further along the coast, the men looked daily for the mouth of the great river, but they saw nothing which led them to believe they were near it. Discontent was in many hearts, and LaSalle's troubles seemed to be without end.

One day one of the men saw an opening in the coast line. The water between the points of the opening was muddy, and LaSalle thought he had at last reached the "Father of Waters." But he was mistaken, he had

gone too far to the westward, and was sailing along the coast of what we now call Texas.

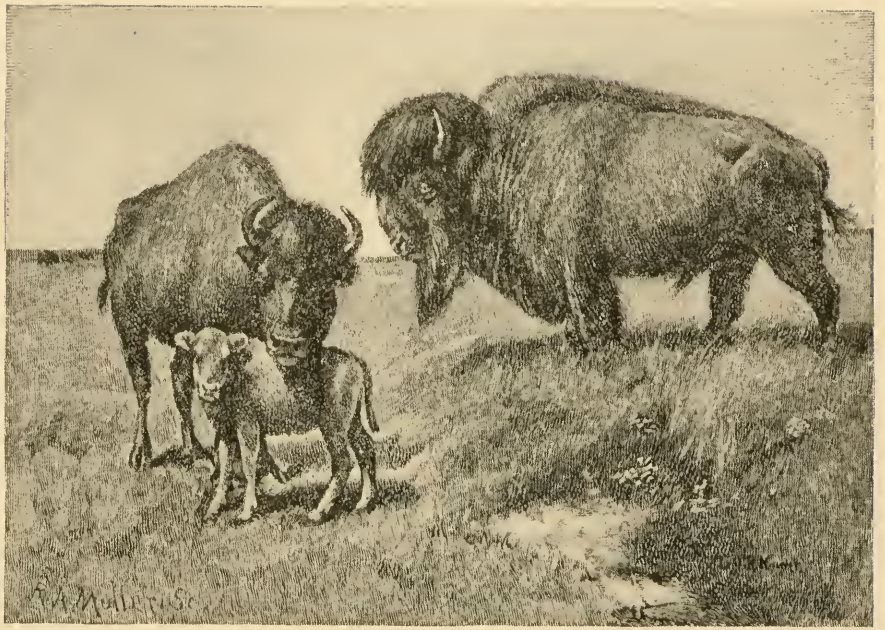
LASALLE TOUCHES TEXAS COAST

At a number of points LaSalle tried to land but was kept out by sand bars and breakers. As he sailed to the westward, he looked at the broad, grass-covered country, and he remembered that he had seen nothing like it along the "Father of Waters," in the country he had named Louisiana. He became frightened, for he was afraid that he and those who looked to him for protection were lost.

When he had sailed five hundred miles too far to the westward he turned and sailed eastward, and thinking he had surely reached the western mouth of the "Father of Waters," entered *Pass Cavallo* (Cä-vä′-yō) on *San Bernardo* Bay or *Matagarda* Bay, landing February 16, 1685.

TRIALS OF LASALLE

Many things occurred to try his brave spirit, and if he had been less a man he would have given up in despair. Soon after he landed, he watched from the shore the *Amiable,* which carried the food, ammunition, clothing, tools, and medicine, run aground. This happened through the bad management of Captain Beaujeu who missed no opportunity to provoke LaSalle. Though the vessel could not be floated, the Indians brought a portion of the supplies to the shore in small boots, but in the night a storm completely destroyed the vessel. In all of these unforeseen trials



BUFFALOES.

(Picture from Eggleston's "Stories of American Life and Adventure." Copyright, 1895, by American Book Cmpany. Used by permission.)

LaSalle did not lose hope but worked away undaunted.

There was no food, and no water except that from the bay. There was sickness in the camp. Men were dying each day, and the Indians, who were at first friendly, now plundered the camp every night.

Beaujeu, who now openly refused to obey LaSalle, made up his mind to return to France, and could not be persuaded to remain. LaSalle had no men to spare, but *Beaujeu* persuaded forty to return to France with him. They sailed on the *Joli*, the best of the remaining vessels, with all of the ammunition and most of the food, leaving only the *Belle* to LaSalle and his disheartened men.

LASALLE DISCOVERS THE LAVACA RIVER

There was one man in camp, *Joutel* (Zhōō-tĕl′), upon whom LaSalle could always depend. So, leaving Joutel in charge of the camp, he took a few of the well-armed men to the head of the bay where they found a river coming in from the north. LaSalle thought that surely this must be one of the mouths of the "Father of Waters." But as he went up the river, instead of its growing wider, it grew narrower, its waters became clear, and instead of the tall trees along the bank, there were miles and miles of grass-covered land, without any trees, and hundreds of buffalo were roaming over the land. LaSalle saw that it was not the Mississippi River, so he named it "LaVaca" or Cow river, from the buffalo cows which he found near it.

FORT ST. LOUIS

When LaSalle returned to camp he found that his men were rebellious, and angry with him for bringing them to such a desolate place. They were quarreling among themselves, and had even plotted to murder the faithful *Joutel*. The Indians kept up their nightly raids.

Nevertheless LaSalle selected a place on the La Vaca river for a fort, and gave orders that all of the women and children should be moved there.

As there were no oxen to haul the wood and no carpenters among the men, the fort was erected under many difficulties. It included a cellar, a chapel, a number of rooms, large and small, towers at each of the four corners, and openings in the walls to place the cannon to keep the Indians away. LaSalle named the fort " St. Louis " in honor of the King of France.

No sooner had LaSalle founded Fort St. Louis than he started out again to hunt once more for the " Father of Waters." This time he started October 31, 1685, with as many men as could be spared from the fort. After weeks of wandering through swamp and forest, without food, water or clothes, the few men found their way sorrowfully back to the fort.

While LaSalle was away, the *Belle*, while going across the bay, was lost somewhere near Dog Island. After her loss, there was no possible means of leaving the coast. Men, women and children had died, and LaSalle, now that all hope seemed gone, became dangerously

ill, lying in an unconscious condition for many days. After long days and nights of suffering he started for the northeast with his nephew *Moranget* (Mō-rän′-zhā), his brother and eighteen others, again leaving the faithful Joutel in charge.

Their first stop was on the Trinity River, at a Cenis (Sā′-nēēs) Indian village. The Indians were very kind and LaSalle enjoyed a good rest.

After many experiences, much sickness, and endless wandering, eight only of the heartsick explorers returned to Fort St. Louis.

It was no time now to talk about finding the "Father of Waters." Words of cheer and hope meant nothing to the crushed, starved, unhappy men and women who had remained faithful.

LASALLE STARTS TO CANADA

LaSalle's mind was upon saving these faithful friends, so, after providing the best that he could for the sufferers in the fort, on January 12, 1687, he left Fort St. Louis, and started for Canada, taking half of the men with him.

In his party were his brother, his nephew, Father *Anastase* (Ä-nä-stäs′), a faithful priest, a surgeon, Joutel, and two Indian servants.

Over the prairies they journeyed in a northeasterly direction, reaching a point near where the town of Navasota, in Grimes County, now stands. Here a quarrel which had been brewing some time came to a head. Two of his men had made up their minds

that they would kill LaSalle, for they hated him and did not like his plans. Their plot was to kill LaSalle's nephew, Moranget, and then LaSalle, and this scheme of murder they carried out. Moranget and the two Indian guides were killed while they slept.

MURDER OF LASALLE

As soon as Moranget was missed, LaSalle, Father Anastase and an Indian guide started to find him. The two assassins, who lay hidden behind a log, ambushed and killed LaSalle. Shot in the head and chest, LaSalle fell May the nineteenth, 1687. The body of the bold explorer was stripped and left for food for the wild animals of the forest.

Though LaSalle did not reach the Mississippi to found an empire in the name of the mighty King of France, he laid the foundation of the great work which was to follow, for he was the first white man to make a settlement in Texas.

THE PIONEER

The pioneer is the man who goes before, looks beyond, counts the cost, and then takes the first step in settling an untried and unknown country. This man must have faith in his own purpose, and he must be a leader of men, for the success of the pioneer shapes history.

Moses Austin came to Texas when it was a new, unknown country of lonesome plains and forests. It was inhabited by Indians. He had purpose in his heart. He knew what he wanted to do. He was not afraid. He knew how to make other men feel an interest in whatever interested him, and this is valuable knowledge.

Moses Austin was born at Durham, Connecticut, in 1764. For many years, he carried on a successful mercantile business in Philadelphia, and later he owned a large business in Richmond Virginia.

In the part of the United States where Austin lived, wonderful accounts were told of the wealth in the west. He heard of the mines where precious metals could be found if men would just go out to that part of the country and dig in the mines long enough. Austin heard a great deal about the lead mines in Missouri,

so he made up his mind to go to Missouri where he thought he could make a fortune.

It was hard for him to break up his home ties and go to a new country where every man was a stranger. But Austin decided to go and, with his family and servants, crossed the mountains of Virginia in carriages and wagons, for there was no other way to travel in those days. They reached the western country safely, and Moses Austin laid the foundation of what is now Washington County, Missouri.

The Governor of Louisiana, *Baron Carondolet* (Ba-ra′ Cä-rŏn′-du-lä) helped Austin to obtain a portion of the lead mines of Potosi, located about forty miles west of St. Genevieve. He carried on a successful business, for he was honest and upright, and he thought it would not be long before he could make a fortune.

The Austins had a beautiful home in Missouri called Durham Hall, where they entertained their friends in a royal manner. A number of their friends in Virginia followed them to the new country, and when they arrived at Durham Hall they were made welcome, and they, too, decided to make their homes in Missouri.

Austin's fortune grew far beyond what he had hoped and he became the owner of much valuable property. But when his success was at its height a very unexpected thing happened. The Bank of Missouri failed and he lost a large part of his fortune. One loss followed another, and his fortune melted away more rapidly than it had come together. Austin became

discouraged and decided to look for a still newer country.

He often advised with and consulted his son, Stephen F. Austin, whom he could depend upon in business matters and who, his father thought, had good judgment. The two talked over a plan to take a colony to the Spanish province, Texas, in which plan Stephen took a lively interest. Without delay, Moses Austin began arrangements to visit Texas and ask permission to establish a colony.

MOSES AUSTIN COMES TO TEXAS

In 1820, when Moses Austin went to San Antonio, the capital of the Mexican province, Texas, he went to see Governor *Martinez* (Mär-tēē′-nĕz). The Governor had been instructed by the Spanish government authorities that if Americans entered Texas they should be put in prison. So he was rude to Austin who had called upon important business. He had no time to see him and at last ordered him to leave.

The Governor's house in San Antonio was surrounded by a beautiful garden, and as Austin, hurt at the Governor's harsh words and disappointed at the failure of his well-laid plan, walked slowly through the garden, trying to plan what he should do next, he met *Baron de Bastrop* (Bä-rä′ du Bäs′-trō). He had known the Baron some years before in the United States. Baron de Bastrop was a Prussian who had served in the army of Frederick the Great, and at this time he was in the service of Mexico as one of the alcaldes of San Antonio. He was glad to see Austin and to hear about his plan to bring a

colony to Texas, He was sorry to learn how badly the Governor had treated Austin after he had made the long journey to see him.

The Baron went at once to see the Governor and did not leave him until he had agreed to let Austin come back and tell him more of his colonization plan.

This time the Governor listened to all that Austin had to say and, at the last, he became interested in the plan. He told Austin that he would help him in every way that he could. Kind, good Baron de Bastrop then obtained permission from the Mexican government at Monterey for Austin to bring three hundred families to Texas. The Baron had no trouble in obtaining this permission for Austin because, in 1798, when Spain owned the Louisiana Territory, Moses Austin had become a Spanish subject. This made him free from the law which said that " foreigners could not settle in Texas."

Austin returned to his home in Missouri to make arrangements to bring out his colony. On the way he met one trial after another. The country from San Antonio to the Sabine river, on account of the Gachupin (Gä-chū′-pēēn) War, was almost cleared of inhabitants. As he crossed this distance, most of the time more than two hundred miles from any kind of a settlement, he was robbed and cruelly deserted by his companions.

Alone, wandering for weeks in a worn-out, enfeebled condition, he at last reached the McGaffin settlement

on the Sabine river. Here he rested for the first time in many weeks and regained some of his lost strength.

When he at last reached his home in Missouri, where he was received with great rejoicing, he was broken down in health from the hardships of the journey. His brave spirit was unbroken, however, and he was more determined than ever to colonize Texas.

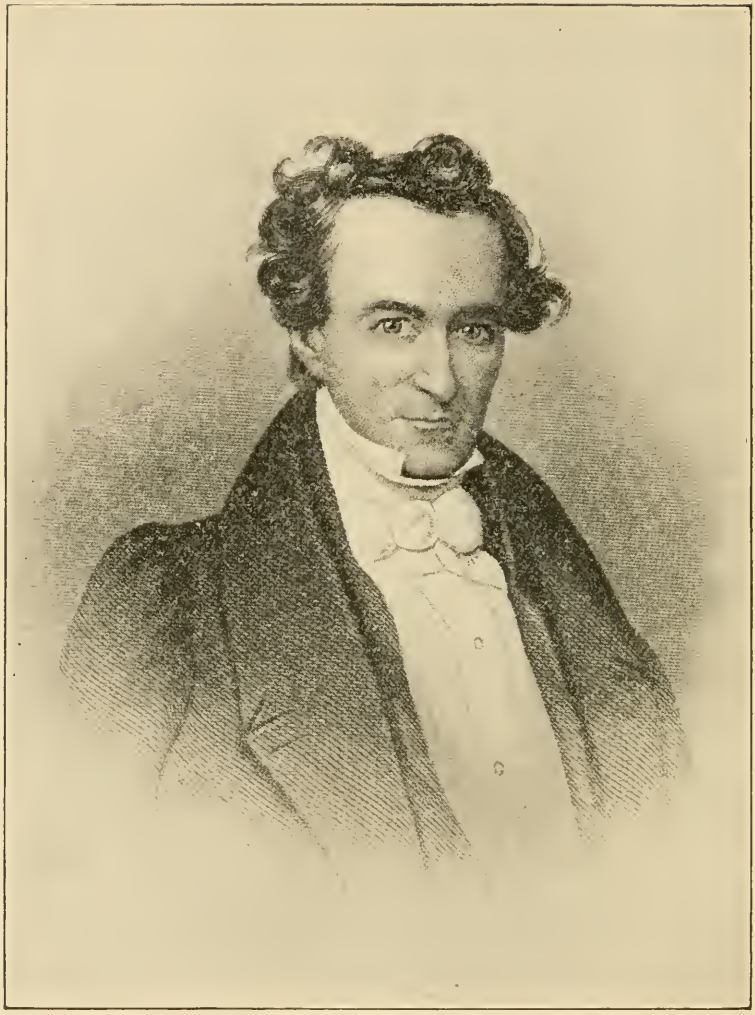
In the spring of 1821, he began active preparations to come on to Texas. But his strength of heart, his faith in his plan, and his hope for the new colony could not stop the disease which was slowly but surely coming upon him. Long nights in rain and snow, weeks without proper food, deep worry, and one disappointment after another, brought his useful, courageous life to a close on June the tenth, 1821, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

A short time before he died he received an important letter from the Spanish government. This letter stated that his application for permission to bring a colony of Americans to Texas had received all of the endorsement that was required, and he would be welcome whenever he should arrive.

Before death took him away, he told those at his bedside that his greatest desire was that his son, Stephen Fuller Austin, should colonize the province, Texas. He said he wanted his son to carry out the plan they had made together.

The father began the work of the pioneer, the remaining hardships, trials and victories were to be the

like work of the son. What the father had begun, the son was to finish.



STEPHEN F. AUSTIN.

THE FATHER OF TEXAS

Stephen Fuller Austin, was born at Austinville, near New River, Wythe County, Virginia, November the third, 1793. He was taught from the time he was a little boy to depend upon himself and not to ask anybody to do for him what he could do for himself. When he was only eleven years of age he was sent to school at Colchester Academy, in Connecticut, where he remained one year. Then he was sent to New London Academy, where he remained three years, and later to Transylvania University, Kentucky, where for two years he did fine work.

Very soon after he left the University he was elected a member of the Legislature of the Territory of Missouri, from Washington County, where he lived.

His father, Moses Austin, because of the failure of the bank of Missouri, lost the money that for many years he had been saving. He went to the Mexican province, Texas, to see the Governor about taking a colony there. Stephen Austin entered with much spirit into this colonization scheme and he felt an interest in everything that might help the new colony. He bought a small farm at Long Prairie on the Red River, in Arkansas Territory, to be used as a resting

place and gathering point for the colonists as they made their way to Texas.

In 1819, while Stephen F. Austin was at Long Prairie, he was appointed Judge in the Arkansas Territory. The next year he went down to New Orleans to learn the best ways by which his colonists could enter Texas, and to study the laws of colonization,

AUSTIN MEETS DON ERASMO SEGUIN

In June, 1821, Austin received a letter from Natchtoches (Nack′-ĭ-tŏsh), Louisiana, telling him that Don Erasmo Seguin (Dōn Ā-räs′-mō Sē-gēēn′), whom Governor Martinez (Mār-tee′-nez), had sent to escort his father's colony to Texas, had arrived there and was waiting for the colony to arrive. Austin went at once to Natchitoches to meet Seguin and waited there some days hoping to hear from his father, but, receiving no news, he started with Seguin to Texas.

Before they crossed the Sabine river, Austin heard that letters for him had arrived at Natchitoches, and he hastily returned to receive them. These letters brought the sad news that his father, Moses Austin, had died and that his last words were that his son, Stephen F. Austin, should carry out his plan of colonizing Texas.

Austin was deeply grieved to receive this news just as he was starting on his important journey, but he said he would go right on and give his best strength and service to the cause which lay so near his father's heart. He wanted to prove himself a worthy son of such a noble father and right there he gave his great

heart, talents and courage to the life of Texas. Don Erasmo Seguin received him as the one who would take Moses Austin's place, and together they set out for Texas, crossing the Sabine river on July the sixteenth, and reaching the Guadalupe on August the tenth, 1821.

AUSTIN ARRIVES AT SAN ANTONIO

When Austin arrived at San Antonio, Governor Martinez made him feel welcome, and told him to select the location that he liked most as a home for his colony. After Austin had looked over the region he decided that the most beautiful location was the country watered by the Brazos and the Colorado rivers. After selecting their home, Austin went to New Orleans to meet his colonists and bring them on to Texas.

THE *LIVELY*

Austin's friend, J. L. Hawkins, helped him fit out a small ship, the *Lively*. There were eighteen passengers, provisions and ammunition on the *Lively*, and she set sail for Texas October the twentieth, 1821. Austin told those in charge of the ship to go up the Colorado river until they found a good place for a settlement, where they must build their cabins and forts to defend themselves against the Indians. The *Lively* was never heard from, and unto this day her fate is not known.

The day after the *Lively* sailed, Austin left New Orleans and went, by way of Natchitoches, Louisiana, to Matagorda Bay, where he expected to join those on board the *Lively*.

At Natchitoches, a large number of men, who had heard about Texas and her opportunities, joined him, along with others whom he had invited to come with him. With a considerable number Austin and his colony reached the mouth of the Colorado River. They searched long for the lost *Lively* and waited for her to come. Their despair at finding no trace of her can scarcely be imagined. When they realized that she was certainly lost they traveled to La Bahia (Goliad) where Austin was rejoiced to meet his brother, John Brown Austin, and the two, with a party of twenty men, went to San Antonio.

AUSTIN GOES TO THE CITY OF MEXICO

Since the time that Moses Austin had visited Governor Martinez, *Iturbide* (E′-tor-bēē-dā), the Mexican ruler, had declared Mexican independence, and Governor Martinez was in doubt as to whether or not the new government would agree to the commission that Stephen Austin held to settle a colony. The Governor told Austin that the matter was very uncertain, and that he had better go in person to the City of Mexico, lay his plans before the authorities, and secure their full permission for him to settle his colony.

Austin wanted to do all that he could for those who had come with him, and, fearing no danger or hardship, he left his colony in charge of Josiah Bell, and acted upon the Governor's advice by going in person to the City of Mexico. He traveled on foot. Some of the time he was dressed like a beggar, or a worn-out soldier,

and every day he met many dangers and had many narrow escapes from death. He saw crimes committed every day. He was lonesome, tired and hungry, but he had purpose in his heart and on he went, unafraid, never hesitating.

Very soon after Austin reached the City of Mexico, Iturbide was made Emperor. The Mexican government was torn in pieces, the people were all dissatisfied, and there was much delay in all matters with which the government had to deal.

A new colonization law was passed in 1823, and Austin succeeded in his mission. But just as he was getting ready to return to his colony and carry out his plan for colonization, the Mexican government was all torn up again. Another revolution was on, and Austin was afraid to leave the Mexican capital for fear his rights as a colonist might be disputed, and that all of the trying work which he had done might be undone. He decided to wait a while longer to see what changes might take place.

The changes took place almost at once. The Congress, or law-making body of Mexico, said that the making of Iturbide Emperor was an act of violence, therefore it could not stand. This Congress also said that the Acts of Government passed between May the nineteenth, 1822, and March the twenty-eighth, 1823, were all to be made over again. These changes proved that Austin was wise in waiting.

With his usual prompt way of doing things, he went

at once to see the authorities of the new government, but his request in regard to settling a colony in Texas was referred to the highest power of the government.

This power, called the executive power, agreed to all of the privileges that had been given to Austin, and a copy of the decree, naming these privileges, was presented to Austin on April the fourteenth, 1823.

During this year that he was absent from his colony he learned to speak the Spanish language, he learned many things about the laws of Mexico and the customs of the people. He made friends among the men of Mexico who liked his straight-forward, outspoken manner, and believed what he told them.

AUSTIN RETURNS TO HIS COLONY

On April the eighteenth, 1823, Austin started for Texas. He stopped at Monterey where he received from the Commanding General of the department which included Texas the rank of Colonel, which gave him the right to make war against the Indians. He also received permission to bring supplies into Texas by way of Galveston, and instructions to report all of the happenings of his colony to the Governor of the Province of Texas.

In company with his father's good friend, Baron de Bastrop (Bä-rä′ du Bäs′-trō), he arrived in Texas in July, 1823. The colonists were rejoiced to receive their beloved leader, and the great number of them had remained faithful, doing all within their power to build up the settlement. A few had grown disheartened and

returned to the United States and some had found homes in other portions of Texas. Don Luciana Garcia, who had been elected Governor of Texas to succeed Governor Martinez, helped Austin in many ways and took much interest in the growing colony.

Governor Garcia named the capital of the colony San Felipe de Austin (Sän Fē′-lēē-pā dā Austin) in Austin's honor, and appointed Austin "Empresario" (Em-prē-sär′-ēē-ō), which office gave him power over the people. This power Austin used with gentleness and kindness.

In 1825, when San Felipe de Austin had become the center of a thriving, busy settlement, Austin received permission to bring five hundred families to increase his colony. Very soon the people of the United States, who had heard of the prosperous colony, came in large numbers to Texas, and the towns of Columbia, Brazario, Gonzales, San Augustine and Victoria, became good, strong settlements.

FIRST SOUND OF WAR

Though the settlement at San Felipe de Austin was peaceful and happy, homes were being built and farm lands being cultivated, and though the Mexican Governor, Garcia, had been kind to Austin and his colonists, every now and then the colonists were reminded that danger was near at hand. Mexico passed a very strict law which would not allow any more colonists to come to Texas from the United States

The Texans called a convention to meet at San Felipe

de Austin in April, 1833, to decide just what they had better do. This convention is known as the second convention at San Felipe de Austin.

The Texans, at this convention, talked about how shamefully they were being treated by the Mexican government, and how helpless they were to protect themselves or their homes. Many of the members of the convention, brave, fearless men, made strong speeches. Some of the delegates to the convention were David G. Burnet, Sam Houston, Dr. Branch T. Archer, J. B. Miller, and Stephen F. Austin.

The convention decided to send a request, called a memorial, to the Mexican government, asking that their harsh, unnecessary laws, under which the Texans had been so cruelly treated, should be repealed, and that kinder, easier laws should be made. W. H. Wharton, J. B. Miller, and Stephen F. Austin were selected by the convention to present this request to the government of Mexico.

AUSTIN JOURNEYS A SECOND TIME TO THE CITY OF MEXICO

Austin, having made this journey once before, knew all of the dangers, trials and hardships, but when his people looked to him for aid and depended upon him, with full knowledge of the dangers that he would meet on the way, he made the journey, and made it alone.

After the long, tedious journey, during which the dangers of the first journey were repeated, he arrived at the Mexican capital, and immediately sought an interview with Farias (Fä-rēē′-äs), the Vice President,

who had charge of the government. But Farias was too busy to see the brave, unselfish Texas colonist. Excuse after excuse was sent to Austin by Farias, and not until Lorenzo de Zavala (Lō-rĕn′-sō dā Sä-vä′-lä), later a friend to the Texas patriots, kindly assisted Austin in the important matter of going before Farias with his request, did Austin succeed in telling him of the conditions in his colony.

Austin told Farias that if Mexico did not repeal her cruel laws and cease her oppression, Texas would take charge of her own affairs.

He sent a letter giving an account of this visit to Farias to the authorities in San Antonio, adding that he thought it would not be long before Texas would have to prepare for a government of her own.

The San Antonio authorities were angry when they received this letter and sent it at once to Farias. He sent officers to arrest Austin, who had already left the city on his way to Texas.

AUSTIN IN A MEXICAN PRISON

Four months in a Mexican prison, without light or fresh air, followed for Austin. He was then removed to another prison, where he was treated more kindly, and where a good priest, Father Muldoon (Mŭl′-dōōn), visited him and carried him books to read.

All of this time Santa Anna, the President of Mexico, had been thinking out a scheme by which he might make himself Dictator. When he took up his duties again as President, the Texas matter came up.

Our good friend, De Zavala, again aided Austin, who went before Santa Anna and pleaded that the cruel laws might be repealed. He asked Santa Anna if Texas might not be separated from Coahuila (Cō-ä-wēē′-lä), as the affairs of that Mexican state were always in a disturbed condition, and this made it hard to keep the affairs of Texas in order. Santa Anna told Austin that he did not think Texas was strong enough to be a separate state. Austin told him that Texas could take care of herself without any assistance from Mexico. Austin was sent back to prison, and later when Santa Anna realized that Texas would not endure the cruelty of the Mexican laws, he said he would have to conquer her, and the sooner the better.

REVOLUTION

After a terrible two years of prison life, disappointed and heartsick, Austin found his way back to his people, who were thankful for his safe return. He gave his own means to the equipment of the Texas soldiers, who were restless and eager to take up arms to resist Mexico.

The first fight occurred at Gonzales, October the second, 1835, where the Texans lost one man and the Mexicans four killed and many wounded.

Though his health was broken, Austin entered active army service, and on October the eleventh, 1835, he was elected commander-in-chief of the army of the people. After organizing the army, he marched to San Antonio, the Mexican stronghold, to which place Mexican soldiers had been sent to take the arms away from

the Texans. On October the ninth the Texans captured Goliad, and on October the twenty-eighth, at the battle of Concepcion (Cŏn-sĕp′-sĭ-ŏn), penned up the Mexicans, under General Cos (Cōs), in San Antonio.

Austin, with many of the citizens of Texas, favored the organization of a provisional government, among the soldiers in the army and those who remained at home. A general meeting was held on November the third, 1835, to consider all matters that pertained to the welfare of Texas. This meeting was called a "consultation" and its purpose was to organize a "provisional government." Dr. Archer, William H. Wharton and Stephen F. Austin were appointed commissioners to the United States to secure aid and supplies. This provisional government appointed Henry Smith Governor, J. W. Robinson Lieutenant Governor, and Sam Houston Commander of the army. In order to go to the United States Austin withdrew from the army. Before he started on his important journey to the United States he urged the soldiers not to give up the siege of San Antonio. General Edward Burleson was elected to command the troops there.

AUSTIN GOES TO THE UNITED STATES

The object of the commissioners in going to the United States was to procure men, arms, and all supplies, and to place before the United States the matter of the independence of Texas or her annexation as a state to the United States. Austin spoke eloquently for Texas at Louisville, Kentucky, gaining both sym-

pathy and assistance. He asked and received assistance at New York, Cincinnati, Nashville and Mobile. Two loans were contracted at New Orleans, amounting to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which loans Austin pledged his private fortune to meet.

Austin wrote to General Houston from Washington in May, 1836: "I am of the opinion that our independence, if properly asked for, will be acknowledged, and that Texas will be admitted into the United States."

He was right, for the independence of Texas was acknowledged the following year, and she was later admitted as a State.

When the time came to elect a President of the Republic of Texas, Austin, because of his unchanging, glorious service, was spoken of by many of the people as the man, of all men, who should have that honor. But the soldiers who had shared the victory of San Jacinto with General Houston wanted to make him President. General Houston was, therefore, elected President and Stephen F. Austin was appointed Secretary of State in President Houston's cabinet.

THE CAPITAL OF TEXAS IS NAMED FOR AUSTIN

Austin continued to work with a will for Texas, until he was seized with an attack of pneumonia, from which he passed away on December the twenty-seventh, 1836, at the age of forty-three years, mourned by every man, woman and child in Texas. Austin's remains were laid to rest at Peach Point, Brazaria County, where they rested until October the eighteenth, 1910, when,

in accord with an act of the Texas Legislature and with the permission of his relatives, they were removed to the State Cemetery at Austin.

The Texas legislature has appropriated ten thousand dollars to place an appropriate monument over the grave of Stephen F. Austin, and Governor O. B. Colquitt has appointed a committee to decide upon the design of this monument.

Austin was never married, and he gave his talents, energy, service, fortune, and, at last, his health, all for Texas. The capital of Texas is named for him and he is lovingly called " The Father of Texas."

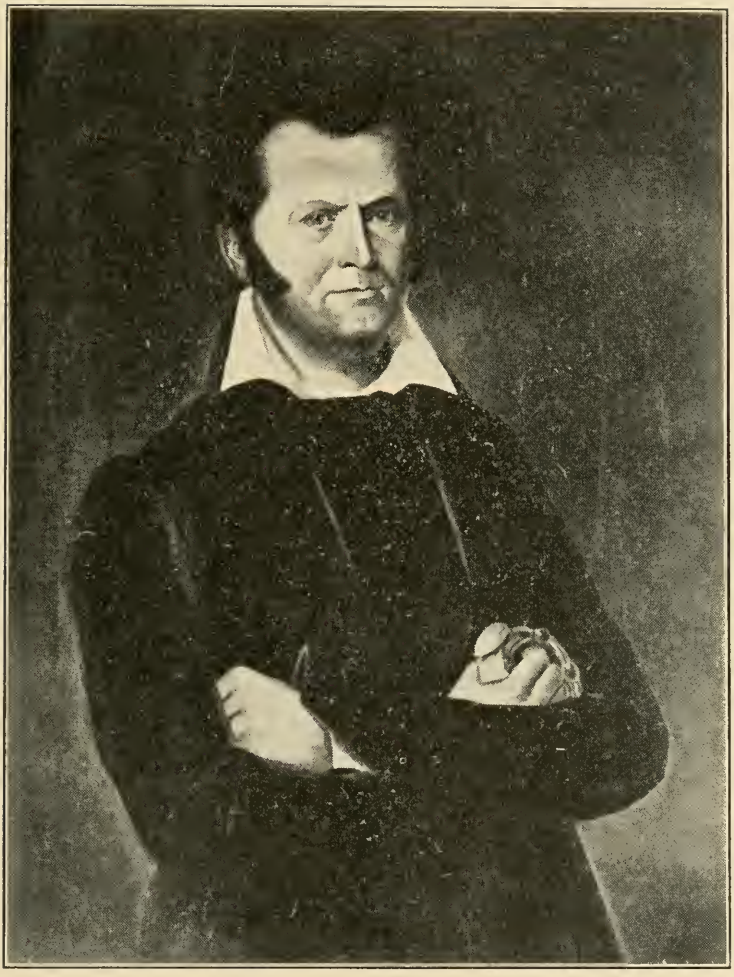
THE FIGHTING DEVIL

The Indians so feared James Bowie that he could travel over the country a distance of six hundred miles and never see one. When the Indians knew he was coming they would fly to the wilderness to hide behind big trees. This always disappointed Bowie because he loved to find and to fight them, and either kill them or send them away where they could not take life or destroy property.

A great many accounts have been written about Bowie, making him out a rough, fierce sort of man, a kind of desperado, but these accounts are not fair to him. He was a manly man, true to his friends and true to his country, and always ready to stand up for the right.

James Bowie was born in Elliott Springs, Tennessee. He moved with his parents when he was very young to Louisiana, and the family afterwards settled on a plantation near Natchez, Mississippi.

He was full of life and spirit and loved an adventure. When he heard about Texas, the untried country, not so very far away from him, where there might be both gold and silver mines, he decided to go to see it.



JAMES BOWIE.

(From painting in State Capitol.)

He came as a general trader, buying and selling horses and mules and sometimes slaves.

He was usually willing to risk his life to carry out what he thought was right, and his friends said that nothing in the world could frighten him.

Bowie was a great lover of games of chance that were played so much in the Mississippi valley, and he often gave his winnings to some poor person or to some unfortunate friend.

He loved the wild woods, the running water, the lonely trails, and he was an energetic hunter. Once while he was recovering from a wound, he cut from a piece of pine a great big knife, and when he got well he gave it to the blacksmith to use as a model for a sure enough knife. His object was to make a knife that would be quick in sticking and skinning game. This knife is still known as the Bowie knife.

It was about the year 1828 that James and Resin P. Bowie came to Texas to make it their home, though they had, before this time, made two short visits to Texas. James Bowie had married a beautiful young woman, daughter of Lieutenant Governor Veramendi (Vā-rä-mĕn′-dēē), of Louisiana. His wife and two children died with cholera about the year 1834. After this great sorrow Bowie became a sad and quiet man, and he tried to comfort every one who was in trouble.

In November, 1831, while on his way from San Antonio to the old San Saba silver mines, James Bowie's first action in Texas took place. Bowie, his brother

Resin, and a few friends had learned from two friendly Comanches and a Mexican that they were being followed by a large band of Waco, Tehuacana (Tē-wä′-kä-nä), and Caddo Indians who wanted their scalps.

Bowie and his companions camped for the night in a grove of large trees, near a stream of water, protected by a thicket and deep underbrush. They cleared the thicket, put their horses into the cleared place and waited for the Indians. At sunrise the Indians came and the battle began. Nine white men and two boys fought one hundred and sixty-four Indians. Until sunset the next day the fighting continued, and sometimes the Indians seemed to have the best of it, but at last, howling and shrieking like wild animals, the Indians ran away.

Bowie lost one man killed and three wounded, but the Indians lost eighty-two men killed and wounded.

BOWIE MARCHES TO THE RIO GRANDE

On August the second, 1832, the battle of Nacogdoches was fought. Colonel Piedras (Pē-ā′-dräs), the Mexican officer in command, surrendered to only nineteen men and boys at the Angelina river the morning of August the fourth. When Bowie arrived Piedras was marched back to Nacogdoches and paroled, while Bowie marched with six hundred Mexican soldiers to the Rio Grande. This distance, about five hundred miles, held no sign of habitation except a cabin at Bastrop and a cabin on the Brazos.

Bowie had not forgotten how the Indians fought him

at San Saba, so later in the year 1832 he organized a company to fight them. From San Antonio he journeyed to the Indian's chief villages on the Brazos. When the Indians heard that the " Fighting Devil " was after them, they could not run fast enough, and not one could be found in the wilderness. Among the Indians Bowie was known as the " Fighting Devil."

" CONCEPCION "

In 1835, James Bowie joined the Texas army at Gonzales, under General Stephen F. Austin. From the Texas camp on the Salado (Sä-lä′-dō), Austin sent Bowie and Fannin with ninety-two men to select a camp ground.

While they were resting over night in their camp in front of the abandoned Mission Concepcion (Cŏn-sĕp′-sĭ-ŏn) in a bend of the Colorado River, October the twenty-eighth, they were attacked by four hundred Mexicans. The Texans, protected by the river bank, in a short, rapid action sent the Mexicans flying to the shelter of the city leaving many dead and wounded. The Texans lost one man killed, Richard Andrews.

Bowie also took part in the " Grass fight " near San Antonio, November the twenty-sixth, when the Mexicans were driven head-long, pell-mell into San Antonio.

BOWIE MAKES A SPEECH

A provisional government had been founded at San Felipe, and as Bowie had no regular command and wanted to be of service, he offered his service to the new government. He asked permission to raise and

command a force but, as many affairs occupied the government about this time, the permission was not granted at once. Bowie decided not to wait, but to go in person to the seat of government and ask if he might raise and command a force.

When he appeared before the Council, tall, straight, and unafraid, and tried to speak to the President of the body, cries of "Order! Order!" were heard all over the house. Bowie stood, his broad hat in his hand, strength and strong will in his face, until Lieutenant Governor James W. Robinson, a wise and good man, also a man of quick wit, saw that Bowie had something very important to say. He told the Council that a man as courageous as Colonel Bowie would certainly be allowed to address the Council.

This was Bowie's first and last speech, and it was wonderful in many respects. In plain, simple words, he told about how he loved Texas and how he had come to cast his lot with the Texans. He said in all of his life he had never had a difficulty except to protect the weak against the strong, or from those in the wrong.

He told them how his dear wife and little ones had been taken from him. He told them that he was alone in the world, and that all he asked was permission to serve with the brave and true in saving beautiful Texas from Mexico's harsh treatment. His speech showed that he knew all about the conditions in Texas, and his listeners felt his strength and high purpose.

Bowie, sure that his request would be granted, left

at once for San Antonio. In a short time he became seriously ill and lay in a little, dark, cell-shaped room in the Alamo. He was here when the Alamo was attacked March the sixth, 1836.

Bowie was perhaps the last of the Texans to give his life in the seige. From that little room, ere he gave his life for Texas, he sent death to many Mexicans. With those of his comrades, his body was burned in the presence of Santa Anna.

THE HERO OF SAN ANTONIO

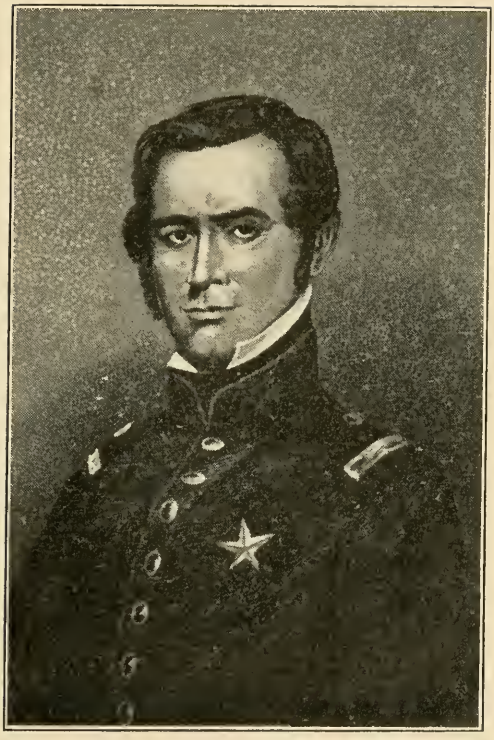
Some men have the ability to draw men to them, to make men believe in them and trust them, and their very presence seems to make men courageous and strong.

Benjamin R. Milam was one of these men. He had power with men, for he made them know that he was right. Men could depend upon what he said, and they felt safe to follow where he led.

Though Ben Milam was not afraid to fight Indians and Mexicans, and could rush into the thickest, fiercest battle, he was gentle and tender-hearted Little children understood him and loved him. Gentleness and kindness of heart seem to be a part of all great lives.

Benjamin R. Milam was a native of Kentucky, called at the time of his birth "the dark and bloody ground." He was born about the year 1790. He fought in the war between the United States and England, called the War of 1812, and after the close of this war he became a successful Indian trader in Texas on the head waters of the Colorado River. He was very successful for he knew how to get along with the Indians.

In 1819, he organized an expedition in New Orleans for the capture of Tampico. Iturbide (E′-tōr-bēē-dā),



BENJAMIN R. MILAM.

a bold, overbearing Mexican leader, proclaimed himself Emperor of Mexico, and Milam joined the men who were opposed to him, those men who were fighting for their liberty. Because of this, the men who favored Iturbide, who were the larger number, put Milam in prison, where he remained a year. He was not released until there was an uprising among the people.

For his service given in Mexico to the Republican cause, he received one league of land, which was later increased to eleven. But this land was located so far to the east that when the Texas boundary line was drawn it was found that Milam's land was in Arkansas.

In 1828, Milam tried to bring people from the old States to settle on the Red River, and at his invitation a good many people came to Texas and settled along the Red River. He next secured permission to settle the country at the head of the San Marcos River, but little was done to bring colonists here. He took part in the fight at Nacogdoches in 1832.

In 1835, he obtained the right to make the Colorado River navigable, that is, to put it in a condition for ships to travel on it.

The people of the Red River country were about to lose their land on account of the cruel Mexican rule. It was the time that the boundary line between the United States and Mexico was unsettled. They called upon Ben Milam to look into the matter for them.

He was glad to be of service to the people. So in 1835, he started alone on horseback through the wilder-

ness, depending largely upon his rifle to supply him with food, as he carried only a little dried beef and parched meal in his saddle bag. Between the Red River and the Rio Grande, San Antonio was practically the only place through which he passed. When he at last reached the seat of the Mexican government he received kind treatment from the Governor, who was willing to do what he could for him, but a revolution in Mexico was rapidly coming on.

Santa Anna's schemes were gradually becoming clear to the Texans, and Milam, not afraid of any Mexican, or anybody else, said just exactly what he thought about Santa Anna and his schemes. The Mexican officers heard him and he was put in prison at Monterey. He made friends with the jailer, who, with the assistance of an outside friend, furnished a fast horse for Milam, and he rode away to Texas. Milam once told one of his friends that he had been held in every prison between the City of Mexico and the Rio Grande. He arrived in Texas at a very important time, just after the skirmish at Gonzales.

On October the ninth, 1835, Milam was cautiously traveling to the eastward, around Goliad, when he suddenly came upon Collingsworth's men. These men were volunteers from the lower Colorado, Lavaca and Navidad, who had been organized to capture Goliad.

Milam thought at first that they were a band of Mexicans. But as he approached nearer he heard his

own language spoken and found that he was at last among his friends.

The Texans, who thought he had been killed, received him with great rejoicing. He mounted one of their horses and rode with them to Goliad. At a signal they attacked the stone church, which was fort as well as church, and in five minutes they were in possession, with three Mexicans dead and all of the others prisoners.

THE SIEGE OF SAN ANTONIO

After the storming of Goliad he joined the Texas army which, under General Burleson, was preparing to capture San Antonio, which city was in the hands of the Mexicans, under General Cos (Cōs). The city was fortified with an army larger than all of the troops that the Texans could muster.

The Texans wanted to take the city by storm but they saw that would mean certain and immediate death. When the Texan soldiers had grown faint hearted and it seemed that there was nothing to be done, and some of the soldiers were talking about disbanding the army, Ben Milam stepped out in front of the headquarters in view of all of the men.

He said, "Old Ben Milam is going to San Antonio and he wants volunteers to go with him. Let all who will go form a line here!"

As one man the Texan soldiers rallied to him, shouting and cheering. During the night the Texans entered the city in three divisions. Though the Mexi-

cans had a large force, the Texans drove them from street to street and from house to house..

On the ninth of December, in the very moment of victory, while Milam was looking over the field with his glass, planning the last attack, he was struck in the head with a rifle ball, which killed him instantly.

His body fell, but his fine brave spirit remained with his men. They carried out his plans by continuing the siege until the Mexican commander, General Cos, was forced to raise the white flag.

Milam's body rested for a while in the yard of the Veramendi (Vā-rä-mĕn′-dēē) house where he fell, and it was later removed to the cemetery in San Antonio. Texas wept when the news went abroad that brave Ben Milam had fallen.

THE SIGN OF THE WHITE HANDKERCHIEF

A matchless patriot was James Butler Bonham who gave his life deliberately and calmly for the glory of his country. His heroism was personal and individual, and there are few parallel cases in the history of the world. Faithful until the moment of death! What greater glory can a man have?

James Butler Bonham was born on Red Bank Creek, Edgefield County, South Carolina, February the twenty-seventh, 1807. His birthplace was only five miles from the birthplace of William B. Travis. Bonham was a bright boy, always in good humor, with a cheerful word for everybody. He studied well at school and loved history. When his school days were over he studied law, and in 1830 he was admitted to the bar.

In 1834, he removed to Montgomery, Alabama, where he made many friends and was successful as a lawyer. Everybody said, "Bonham is certainly going to make a great and useful man." The people could not see then, however, the turn that his usefulness was going to take.

In 1835, he began to hear about the troubles in Texas. He heard how cruelly the Mexicans were treating the people of Texas, how Texas was trying hard to defend

herself, and how Mexico was doing her best to rob the Texans of their rights and liberties. His lifetime friend, William B. Travis, had written to him of the beautiful land which he had found in Texas, and how he was going to fight for her. All of this stirred the soul of Bonham. In November, 1835, he gave up his fine prospects in Montgomery, his friends who were dear to him, and with faith in his purpose of helping the weak against the strong hurried to Texas. He had many kind letters from Alabama friends introducing him to General Houston, Governor Henry Smith and others.

Governor Smith had sent Travis to take command at San Antonio. San Antonio had been robbed of its military supplies and left without protection by a company of men, led by Johnson and Grant, on their way to take Matamoras. Bonham reached San Antonio a little in advance of Travis, who was doing his best to organize his forces in order that he might hold the enemy in check until General Houston could organize a force strong enough to meet the enemy in the open field. Travis also hoped that Fannin, who held four hundred men at Goliad, would come to his relief. So he sent messengers to Fannin asking for aid. When no aid came in answer to these messages, and Santa Anna's forces had encircled Travis and his men in the Alamo, he sent the fearless Bonham to Fannin in a last appeal for assistance. He further instructed Bonham to go on from Goliad to Gonzales in search of men and arms.

Bonham rode away on his cream-colored horse, with a white handkerchief floating from his broad-brimmed hat. This white handkerchief was the sign that Bonham and Travis had agreed upon, by which Travis should recognize Bonham when he rode at a distance.

San Antonio was surrounded by Mexicans, and the entire route of his journey was filled with Indians. None but a very courageous man would ever have attempted such a dangerous, uncertain journey.

Bonham, who knew not the meaning of danger, hurried on to Goliad where he delivered the message to Fannin, to which message Fannin did not respond.

Bonham then, carrying out Travis' further instructions, hastened on to Gonzales, just as a few volunteer soldiers were getting together there.

A few days before Bonham's arrival, Captain Albert Martin, with thirty-two men of that colony, in response to Travis' call, had gone to the aid of the defender of the Alamo. When Bonham had delivered both messages and secured all of the information possible, he returned to Travis. On his return journey he was accompanied by John B. Smith. As the two approached San Antonio, from a hill top they could see the Alamo surrounded by Santa Anna's army, and Smith said to Bonham, " It will be like taking our own lives to go on, for the doom of the Alamo is fixed; it is useless and foolish to go further." Bonham replied, "I will report the result of my mission to Travis or die in the attempt." (Smith reported this conversation after the fall of the

Alamo.) Travis had watched and waited all day for the sign of the white handkerchief. As Bonham rode up on his cream-colored horse, with the white handkerchief waving from his hat, he forced his way through the Mexican lines, with bullets and bayonets everywhere.

When Travis saw the faithful rider on the breathless steed, and recognized their sign, the gate of the Alamo flew wide open and Bonham entered, faithful to his trust.

Such shouts and cheers from the Texans greeted his safe arrival, that, for a moment, the enemy ceased their death-dealing to look upon this brave man.

Together, a few hours later, the life-long friends, Travis and Bonham reported to the great Commander of Armies. They, with their companions, Bowie, Crockett, Martin and others, gave their lives in the defense of Texas.

DAVID CROCKETT.

(From painting in State Capitol.)

BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT, THEN GO AHEAD

David Crockett was born August the seventeenth, 1786, in Green County, Tennessee. His mother and father, who were very poor, lived far in the back woods. They were not able to send their six sons and three daughters to school or to give them much training of any kind. David was the fifth son.

The Crocketts lived in a new, wild country, and the time which should have been given to tilling the soil and cutting down the tall trees to build homes was taken up in keeping the cunning Indians away. Many of David's boyhood days were spent in following the Indian trails. He would often wander, with his dog, many miles into the darkest woods and spend three or four days there, and he could swim the swiftest, deepest streams. He was a brave, strong, healthy boy; he loved to hunt more than anything in the world, and he was a successful hunter. There were times when his mother, brothers and sisters would have suffered for food had it not been for David's bringing home bear, deer, and wild turkeys.

DAVID CROCKETT GOES TO WORK WITH A DUTCHMAN

David's father told him he would have to go to work. So he put him to work with a Dutchman who was leav-

ing Tennessee for Rockbridge County, Virginia. David started out on the long journey of more than four hundred miles on foot. He obeyed the Dutchman and was getting along very well. But one day, as he walked along by the side of the big covered wagon as it slowly found its way along the wooded road, he became very homesick and wanted to go back to his cabin home in Tennessee. He watched for the first wagon that was returning to Tennessee, and when one came along, he jumped into it, and begged the owner to take him home.

His mother and father were glad to have their wild boy home again and they told him that he would have to go to the little mountain school. On the fourth day of school David whipped one of the boys older and larger than himself, and in order to avoid a whipping from the school-master and one from his father, he ran away.

When he thought that the school-master and his father had had about enough time to forgive him, he returned to his home to receive again a joyful welcome.

DAVID DECIDES TO GO TO SCHOOL

David made up his mind that he had better go to school and try his best to learn something. He decided to try in every way that he could to improve his mind, not only in school but out of school. This decision he remembered all through his life. He had found out that a good many misfortunes can come to a man who is untrained in mind.

So he went back to the little mountain school and

worked two days of the week to pay the tuition at school for the other three, and in six months he had learned to read, to spell, to add and subtract. This is every bit of the school opportunity that David Crockett ever received.

While he was at school he adopted a little motto as his own, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," and he lived very close to it.

DAVID CROCKETT FIGHTS THE INDIANS

In August, 1813, there was a terrible massacre by the Indians at Fort Mimms. Crockett, after this awful deed, took up arms against the Indians, enlisting with the Tennessee soldiers, with General Andrew Jackson. His fellow soldiers loved him, and his life in the woods had made him familiar with the hiding places of the Indians. He was such a successful hunter that he kept the soldiers' camps supplied with game and bear meat.

David Crockett had many narrow escapes, but he had a way of getting out of trouble, sometimes because he was such a good shot, sometimes by his quick, ready speech, sometimes because he understood the Indian nature so well, but more often because he was naturally kind and wanted to help everybody that he could.

DAVID LEARNS TO WRITE HIS NAME

When the trouble with the Indians had ceased, David Crockett returned to his home to serve his people in time of peace. He was soon elected a magistrate and

later a "squire." Under the law all important orders had to be written, and David Crockett barely knew how to write his name.

But he had a ready wit and he was a good squire even if he couldn't write his name. He told his assistant in his office that whenever a paper was brought in for him to sign, not to trouble him with it, but just to sign it for him. His assistant obeyed him, and when the papers were later brought to David's office to be put away, David would study his own name, and try over and over again to write it. Finally, he learned to write it very well.

David Crockett was far too wise to let anybody find out what he did not know. He relied upon his own common sense and the common sense of others.

He was elected to the Legislature and while he served he was faithful to the trust placed upon him. He followed the course which marked his life, coolness and deliberation, with good strong nerve, always sure of the right before he went ahead.

DAVID CROCKETT GOES TO CONGRESS

Crockett ran for Congress but was defeated the first time. The second time he ran he was elected, because he had made the people know that he was honest. Many who, in his first race, opposed him, in his second race were his strong friends. Never did any candidate for Congress do such strange and original work to secure votes.

Full of fun, frolic, loved and loving, with a bright

smile and a kind word for everybody, David Crockett made a few speeches telling the people why they should send him to Congress. The men who were opposing him were men of learning who knew the law, and who made very fine, strong speeches.

David listened to what they had to say and, in this way; learned much that otherwise he could not have known. When they had finished speaking, David would get up and tell the people a good, laughable story, and the people, who were tired of the long speeches would vote for him.

In 1834, while he was a member of Congress, he made a visit to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston. In each of these cities he was entertained, and in Philadelphia he was presented with a fine rifle, *Betsy*, which was to accompany him on so many bear hunts. These visits and the kindness of the people whom he met taught him many things.

At the next election for Congress, David Crockett was defeated, but it requires a defeat sometimes to accomplish great things. Had Crockett been re-elected to Congress from Tennessee, he could not have had the greater glory of fighting for Texas independence.

After his defeat, he sought other fields of usefulness and he made up his mind to cast his lot with the Texans who were fighting for their independence.

DAVID CROCKETT COMES TO TEXAS

Sure he was right, he started to Texas. As he ad-

vanced on his journey his enthusiasm in the cause of the Texans increased and he became deeply interested in the country over which he passed. Occasionally he would make a speech or tell a good story, and at Nachitoches he persuaded a traveler to join him. Later he found another, and the three started on to Nacogdoches. Here he heard much of what the Texans were

HUNTING THE BUFFALO*

doing, and about how hard they were fighting for their liberty. It was liberty that David Crockett loved more than anything in the world.

He found plenty of game, buffaloes, wolves, Mexican lions, and he made friends with a band of Comanche Indians who, for some distance, acted as his guide.

*(Picture from Hitchcock's "Louisiana Purchase." Copyrighted by Ginn and Company. Used by permission.)

He and his two companions put to flight a band of Mexicans. Each day until he reached San Antonio brought its own interesting experience.

DAVID CROCKETT DIES AT THE ALAMO

David Crockett arrived at the Alamo in February, 1836, where he found Colonel William B. Travis in command with barely one hundred and fifty men, whose hearts were aflame for the liberty of Texas. On March the sixth he gave his life at the siege of the Alamo, to free Texas from Mexican oppression. By his lifeless body were found his coon-skin hunting cap and the faithful *Betsy*, shattered and broken. His fine, strong body was covered with the fringed hunting clothes that, through rain, mud and snow, he had worn on his long journey to Texas.

No Texas patriot entered more freely and fully into the spirit of Texas independence than did David Crockett, the backwoodsman.

REMEMBER GOLIAD!

James W. Fannin was a native of Georgia. He was educated at West Point, and came to Texas in the autumn of 1834 to purchase slaves and operate a plantation. Some trouble came up at Gonzales about the cannon, and when he heard of it, he raised a company called the Brazos Guards and hurried to the scene of action. His company was later sent from the Espado (Es-pä′-dō) Mission to select a camping ground near San Antonio. Fannin fought at the battle of Concepcion (Cŏn-sĕp′-sĭ-ŏn), in which battle, because of his bravery, he won the name " the hero of Concepcion."

The Council that met at San Felipe selected Fannin and Rusk to collect men and materials for war; they were called recruiting officers.

On December the twenty-first, General Houston ordered Fannin to establish his headquarters at Velasco (Vā-läs′-cō). The Council increased his authority, directing him to collect forces around Copano (Cō-pā-nō) in order to make an attack upon Matamoras later.

On January the eighth, 1836, Fannin sent out a call to all Texans who could enter the army as volunteers, to come and join him. He wanted to keep the enemy

out of Texas and to cripple those who were already here.

Things were in bad condition in the army and in the towns of Texas, and the Governor and his Council did not agree very well. Both the Governor and the Lieutenant Governor sent out orders, and this made a great deal of confusion and trouble for the officers in the army.

When General Houston arrived at Goliad about the middle of January and started to Refugio (Rā-fū′-ēēō), he learned, for the first time, that two other expeditions had been sent to this same place, one under Fannin and one under Johnson and Grant. He immediately returned to the Brazos, for he considered that his authority had been taken by others.

About February the first, Fannin reached Goliad, and at once began to organize his volunteers. Fannin was elected colonel, and Ward Lieutenant Colonel. Though Fannin was elected Colonel he seemed to doubt his authority to take command, for he had received no order from General Houston, Commander of the army, or from the Governor. Fannin was placed in a difficult situation and it was hard for him to know just what to do. He was willing to fight as a private soldier, or to serve his country in any way that he might be called upon. But to be uncertain about what the higher authorities expected of him was a sore trial to him.

Though Fannin has been accused of faulty judgment, and he seems not to have understood, he was a brave, true and generous man. A man who died as Fannin died was none other than a patriot.

THE MASSACRE AT GOLIAD

On Palm Sunday, March the twenty-seventh, 1836, Fannin and his three hundred and thirty unarmed comrades, who had surrendered under promise of being set free, were marched out by the Mexican Commander, Urrea, and shot down like rabbits.

The Mexican officer, who acted under Santa Anna's orders, told Fannin if he would kneel his life would be spared. Fannin replied, "I do not care to live after my men have died."

The prisoners were marched from the fort in three companies, for a half or three-quarters of a mile, guarded on each side by soldiers. The guards told different stories to the prisoners. To some of them the guards told they were being led out to cut wood, to others, that they were being led out to drive up cattle. To others, they told that they were being changed to another fort. Not until the guns of the guards were at their breasts, did they know that they looked into the face of death.

Fannin's men died calling to each other with their last breath, "Let us die like men," and, waving their hats, cried "Hurrah for Texas!"

On account of a wound, Fannin was not marched from the fort with his men, and when the guard told him that he would be shot if he would not kneel, he never moved a muscle.

When one of the Mexican soldiers attempted to tie a handkerchief over Fannin's eyes, he took the hand-

kerchief and tied it himself. He gave the officer his watch and asked that it might be sent to his family. He asked that he might be shot in the breast and not in the head, and he requested that he might be given a decent burial.

He then bared his breast for the death bullet which was promptly sent, and the body of the brave young Texan fell at his enemy's feet. The Mexican officer kept his watch, ordered him shot in the head, and left his body unburied.

The bodies of all of the Texans were left unburied, though they were later partially burned in a brush fence. When the Texas army under Rusk occupied Goliad late in the summer, their bones were collected and buried and a funeral service held.

It is no wonder that "Remember Goliad!" was the stirring battle cry at San Jacinto.

THE HERO OF THE ALAMO

The world has heard the name of William B. Travis. The world has heard the story of his heroic life and death. The world is glad to recognize his fair, unspotted fame. The pages of history are brighter because his name is written there, and he was favored among men to have been given the glorious opportunity of dying as he died, a splendid example of unselfish service.

William B. Travis was born in Edgefield County, South Carolina, but he grew to manhood in Alabama. He taught school and studied law in Alabama, and married one of the pretty girls who went to school to him.

The next year after his marriage he left his family in Alabama and came to Texas. Soon after he arrived at Annahuac (An′-ä-häc), because he said just exactly what he thought about the haughty, tyrannical Bradhue, the Commander of the Fort, he, with others, was thrown into the barracks' prison. After he was released from prison he removed to San Felipe, the capital of the colony. While he was Secretary of the Ajuntimento (A-yōōn′-te-myĕn′-tō), in 1834, he drew up a petition praying for the release of General Stephen

F. Austin, then confined in prison in the city of Mexico.

Travis, in the spring of 1835, raised a company, captured and disarmed Tenoria, the Mexican officer whom Santa Anna had sent with a squad of troops to guard the post at Annahuac. But these captured men were soon released by the authorities and their arms and papers restored to them.

In 1835, Ugartechea (Oo-gär-tā-chā′-ä), in command at San Antonio, ordered the arrest of Travis and other Texans. Travis hastened to the west and joined the army under Stephen F. Austin.

With a band of barely one hundred and fifty men, on February the twenty-second, the day that Santa Anna's advance division reached San Antonio, Travis retired to the fortress-church, Alamo, which was strongly defended.

On the twenty-fourth of February he sent out the following announcement:

Commandancy of the Alamo,
Bexar, Feb'y 24th, 1836.

To the People of Texas and all Americans in the World,
Fellow Citizens and Compatriots:

I am besieged by a thousand or more of the Mexicans under Santa Anna. I have sustained a continual bombardment and cannonade for 24 hours and have not lost a man. The enemy has demanded a surrender at discretion, otherwise the garrison are to be put to the sword, if the fort is taken. I have answered the demand with a cannon shot, and our flag still waves

proudly from the walls. *I shall never surrender or retreat. Then*, I call on you, in the name of Liberty, of patriotism and everything dear to the American character to come to our aid with all dispatch. The enemy is receiving reinforcements daily and will, no doubt, increase to three or four thousand in four or five days. If this call is neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible and die like a soldier who never forgets what is due to his own honor and that of his country. Victory or Death.

*WILLIAM BARRETT TRAVIS,
Lt. Col. Com'd't.

P. S. The Lord is on our side. When the enemy appeared in sight we had not three bushels of corn. We have since found in deserted houses 80 or 90 bushels and got into the walls 20 or 30 head of beeves.

TRAVIS.

In another letter to a friend in Alabama he said, "Take care of my little boy; if the country is saved I may make him a splendid fortune, if it is lost, and I perish, he will know that he is the son of a man who died for his country."

On March the third, Travis sent a letter to the convention at Washington in which he said, "I am here in fine spirits, with one hundred and forty-five men. I have held the place against a force of from one thousand five hundred to six thousand, and I will continue to hold it until I receive relief from my countrymen, or I will

*(The original of this letter is in the State Library.)

THE ALAMO.

die defending the fort. I know the courage of my men will not fail them in their last struggle. God and Texas! Liberty or Death!"

THE SIEGE OF THE ALAMO

The Texans said they would defend the fort with their last drop of blood. In high spirits, the old walls ringing with their cheerful voices, they raised their flag over the fort.

Each man took his place behind the openings in the wall of the church in which the cannon was placed, and all watched for the approach of the Mexicans.

Santa Anna, with his large army, arrived February the twenty-second. At once he sent a message to Colonel Travis demanding immediate surrender.

Travis replied, " No," by the boom of a cannon.

On the tower of San Fernando church at Bexar (Bā′-här), a red flag went up which said, "No quarter," and the attack of the Mexicans began. Thirty-two men from Gonzales came to assist the Texans, and Colonel Fannin at Goliad was notified to send assistance to the Texans as soon as possible.*

Bowie, though too ill to leave his cot, watched, ready with his knife and gun. James Bonham and David Crockett stood ready to give their lives. On the twenty-seventh of February, ten bombs were thrown into the convent yard, though little damage was done. When the scouts returned to the Alamo late in the evening of that day, they reported that the Mexicans

*Which assistance never came.

in every part of the nearby country were committing murder and destroying property, not sparing women and children.

The enemy, increasing daily, were preparing to surround the fort. This was enough to dishearten the Texans, but their courage never failed, and from every window in the fort their rifle balls defied the enemy.

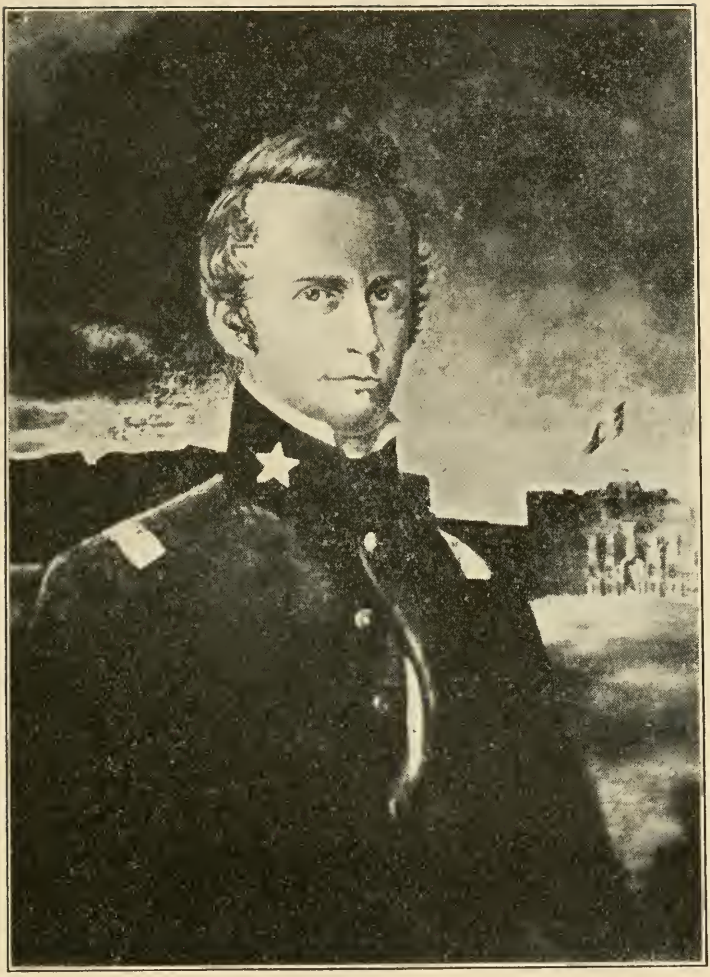
Travis drew a line on the ground with his sword, saying to his men, "All of you who are ready to die for Texas, come across to me!"

Every man, but one, who escaped over the wall, silently crossed the line. Bowie asked to be carried across on his cot.

Between five and six thousand Mexicans surrounded and laid siege to the Alamo at dawn, Sunday, March the sixth, 1836. They brought axes, crowbars and ladders with which to climb upon and batter the walls.

In fire and blood the battle raged until daybreak and at the last it was a hand to hand fight, the foes meeting face to face. The Texans, with their knives, rifles and pistols, killed hundreds of Mexicans, and every Texan was killed. One hundred and eighty-two Texans were slain by five thousand Mexicans.

Brave Travis, only twenty-eight years of age, fell from a rampart in the fort, wounded mortally. As he fell a Mexican officer tried to cut off his head, but he drew his sword quickly and both perished. Another Mexican officer mutilated the body of Travis with his sword, then waved it over the mangled remains.



WILLIAM BARRETT TRAVIS.

(From painting in State Library.)

HEROES' BODIES ARE BURNED

The bodies of the defenders of the Alamo were thrown into the chapel and burned. Mrs. Dickinson and the negro servant of Colonel Travis were the only ones spared. Santa Anna sent a Mexican officer with Mrs. Dickinson and the servant to General Sam Houston offering peace to the Texans if they would lay down their arms and surrender to the Government. General Houston replied, "You have killed some of our brave men, but the Texans are not yet conquered." General Houston also sent to Santa Anna a copy of the Declaration of Texas Independence agreed upon March the second, 1836, at Washington on the Brazos.

Travis, with the other defenders of the Alamo, fulfilled his mission to the world and to humanity. In his short life he performed a service that gives him a place in the hearts of all who value self-sacrifice as the full expression of the Master's work.

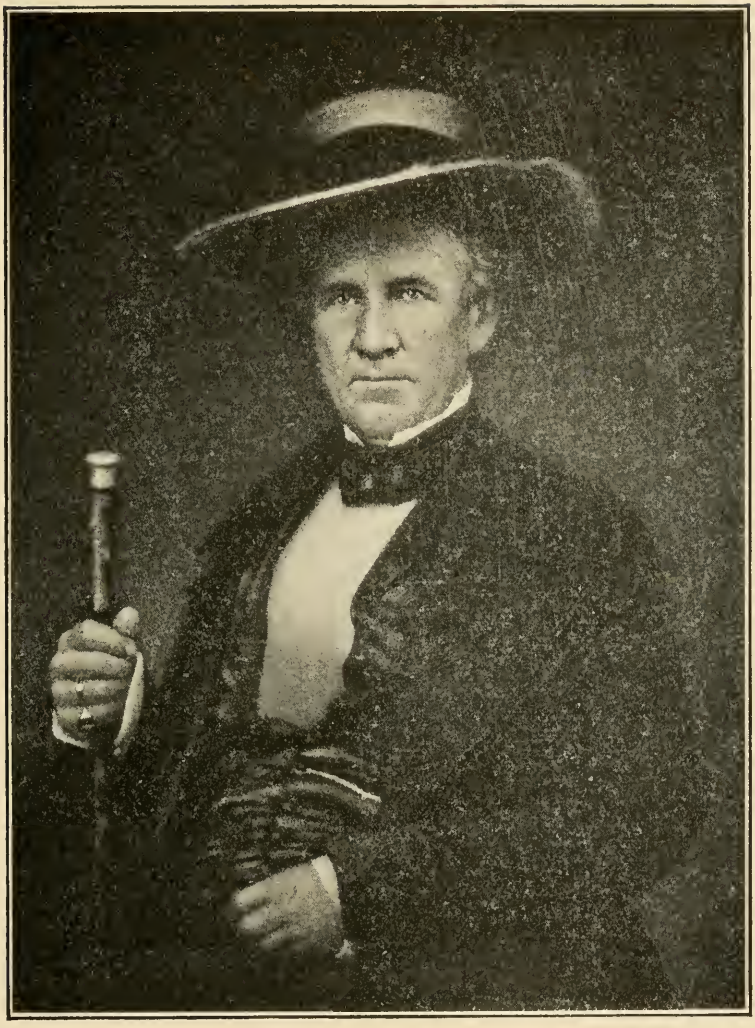
THE HERO OF SAN JACINTO

Sam Houston was born at Timber Ridge Church, seven miles from Lexington, Rockbridge County, Virginia, March the second, 1793. His father was a brave soldier in the war of the American Revolution. His mother was a sweet, lovable woman, and had the greatest influence over the life of her son. When other people did not seem to understand his strange ways, she always seemed to know all about it, and she was the first one to find out that her boy had a great heart and a great head.

Young Sam loved to have his own way and he never wanted to take anybody's advice. The neighbors said, "Sam is a headstrong boy and he will never come to a good end." But Sam was learning how to depend upon himself and he did not think he needed their advice.

When his mother was left a widow with six sons and three daughters, and had to sell her old home and move many miles away into a new country, Sam Houston took up work with a will. He took good care of this sweet mother that he loved so much.

Their new home, about eight miles from the Tennessee River, which was then the boundary line between



SAM HOUSTON.

the white people's territory and that of the Cherokee (Chĕr′-ō-keé) Indians, was near a good school called an academy. Sam liked to go to school fairly well, but there were some studies that he liked very much and some that he did not like at all. The ones that he did not like he refused to study and the ones that he enjoyed he never wanted to put down.

One day he told his schoolmaster that he thought he would like to study Latin. The schoolmaster, who probably was busy at the time Sam spoke to him, said, "No, not now." Sam was so disappointed that he turned around and said, "I'll never recite another lesson while I live." But he did not declare that he would never study another lesson while he lived. He become a great reader and he found many good and useful books to read.

There is a wonderful book, Homer's "Iliad," which is a classic, and this book Sam Houston loved to read, and he memorized many passages in it. This great book, which told him about the soldiers of ancient times and the people of deep thought and industry, so entertained and instructed him that he kept a copy of it with him. Often, when he was in camp or away on a long journey, he would sleep with it under his pillow.

His older brothers, who had never read this wonderful book, could not understand why Sam loved it so. They didn't understand Sam, so they said, "Sam, you are a lazy boy and we are going to put you to work." This they did. They put Sam to work in a country

store where he had to do a little of everything, sweep out the store, wait on customers, run errands and sometimes drive a mule team.

SAM HOUSTON RUNS AWAY TO LIVE WITH THE INDIANS

This boy, who loved to read about the heroes in a book like Homer's "Iliad," could not make himself contented in a country store selling pins and needles and running errands. One day when he heard the roar of the falls at the river and felt the call in his blood to go to the woods, he decided to run away. He loved the Cherokee Indians, and he wanted to leave the store and go to live with them.

Though he ran away from his home and joined the red-skinned men that he loved, he did not forget his mother. He would go home often to see her and tell her all about his travels and the strange things that the Indians did. His mother would mend his clothes and they would have long walks and talks together. His mother, too, loved the animals in the wild woods, and she enjoyed hearing his accounts of the happy days with the Indians. After these short visits to his mother, Sam would hurry back to his wild life in the woods.

Sam wore the Indians' dress, learned their customs, habits, and language, and lived just exactly as they did.

One of the things that interested him very much during these wild days was the study of the Indian character. Sam found out that in order to make his Indian friends true to him, he must be true to them. He learned that an Indian never forgets a kindness,

even a small kindness, and that an Indian can love very much, and he would risk his life to help a friend in trouble. He also learned that the Indian knows how to hate, and he feels it his duty to punish his enemies. The Indians understood Sam, too, and he had a place in their hearts if they were savage hearts. Years afterwards when this young runaway boy became President of the Republic of Texas not one Indian ever violated a treaty.

Before he went to live with the Indians he had contracted a few debts which he wanted to earn enough money to pay, so he returned to his home to find some employment. He easily secured a country school and he taught it successfully.

SAM HOUSTON AT HORSESHOE BEND

Sam Houston was only nineteen years of age in 1812 when the United States and England were at war, called the War of 1812. He enlisted in the army of the United States at Maryville, Tennessee.

His mother had known since he was a small boy that his greatest desire in life was to be a soldier, so, when he entered the army, she helped him in every way that she could and told him he must always be a brave and true man and never afraid to fight for the right. It was not long before he was made Sergeant, then Ensign, and the officer in command said he was one of the best drilled men in the company. The battle of Tohopeka (Tō-hō-pē-kä), which means horseshoe bend, was a fierce bloody battle between the white men and the

Indians. In this battle, in which General Andrew Jackson was in command, Sam Houston received a wound from which he suffered the remainder of his life. It was here that Houston won the life-long admiration and friendship of General Jackson.

At the close of this war Houston was appointed Lieutenant of the First Regiment of Infantry and placed at New Orleans. Here his wound was treated, but the suffering that he endured was the kind that can be endured only by those who have nerve and great self-control.

In April, 1816, Houston visited New York and Washington City, and in 1817 he was called for duty to the Adjutant's office at Nashville, Tennessee. After a few months of service in this office he was appointed under-agent among the Cherokee Indians, to carry out a treaty which had been made with the Cherokee nation.

He went with a delegation of Indians to Washington, where he appeared before President Monroe and Secretary of War, John C. Calhoun, making a fine exhibit of what he had done and what he believed to be right. His work for the Indians was approved and appreciated.

HOUSTON STUDIES LAW

Houston soon gave up the Indian agency and his lieutenancy in the army and went to Nashville where he began to study law. He knew much of men and affairs; he had for years been a careful observer of men's hearts and minds, so after six months of study he applied

SANTA ANNA BEFORE HOUSTON.

(From painting in State Capitol.)

for a license to practice law. He obtained his license and, with a small library, opened a law office in Lebanon, Tennessee.

In that same year, he was elected District Attorney and moved to Nashville. He was appointed Adjutant-General of Tennessee, and in 1821 was elected Major-General by the field officers of the division which represented two-thirds of the State.

He was a successful lawyer and had he continued in the practice of the law he would have risen to a place with the great lawyers of the country.

He was elected in 1823, without opposition, to a seat in the House of Representatives of the United States, and returned, without opposition, for a second term.

HOUSTON IS ELECTED GOVERNOR OF TENNESSEE

In 1827 he was elected Governor of Tennessee, and no man in Tennessee had more friends or more power than Sam Houston.

One day he suddenly resigned the office of Governor and gave up his public life, all that held out opportunity to him as a lawyer and a statesman, and returned to his home with the Cherokee Indians. The same old chief that had loved him as a runaway, wandering boy, held out his arms to him, opened wide the door of the wigwam and welcomed him lovingly back to his home in the forests.

He was a great help now to his old friends, for he sat at their council fires, gave them advice, and watched with keen eye the wrongs that were put upon them by

selfish officials who looked after their own welfare instead of the welfare of the Indians.

Houston went to Washington to see what he could do to help the Indians. With the assistance of General Jackson he had five agents and under-agents removed, and he asked the Government of the United States to look into the Indian affairs, and this the Government did.

Though Houston's friends begged him not to do so, after he had found aid for his red-skinned friends, he went back to their wigwams in the forest to make his home with them.

SAM HOUSTON COMES TO TEXAS

General Jackson requested Houston to confer with the fierce, wild Comanche Indians who were not only feared by the white people but by all of the other Indian tribes. General Jackson knew that Houston understood Indians well and that he had influence over them. He wanted the Comanches to send a delegation to Fort Gibson on the Arkansas river, with the purpose of later visiting Washington City, for he was very anxious that a treaty of peace might be made with this savage tribe. Nothing but this treaty would protect the people who had been so harassed by these Indians.

On December the first, 1832, Houston, with a few companions, left his Indian home on the Arkansas and started for Fort Towson. At Nacogdoches, he told the authorities why he had come into Texas, and he traveled on to San Felipe de Austin, the capital of

Austin's colony. From here, in accord with General Jackson's plan, he traveled to San Antonio de Bexar, where he carried out the plan of the treaty with the Comanches.

Sam Houston had been watching affairs in Texas, the Mexican cruelties and oppression, and the almost helpless condition of the Texans. He deeply sympathized with the Texans. He boldly made up his mind to help Texas fight for her freedom.

When he returned to Nacogdoches he was notified that he had been elected a delegate to the convention to be held at San Felipe in April, 1833.

This was the convention that decided to send a request to the government of Mexico to repeal their cruel, oppressive laws, and Stephen F. Austin carried the request or memorial.

Mexico refused to change her laws, she became more and more cruel, and the Texans said they would wait no longer, but would resist her by force.

HOUSTON IS MADE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE TEXAN ARMY

All of the forces in Texas were brought together and Sam Houston was made Commander-in-Chief of the army of Texas. On March the second, 1836, Sam Houston's birthday, the Independence of Texas was declared at Washington on the Brazos. General Houston gathered the forces between the Brazos and the Guadalupe, while Santa Anna, at the head of a strong army of Mexican soldiers, in three divisions, was

advancing from the West. With what forces he could gather, he retreated before the main division of Santa Anna's army, while his scouts constantly reported the movements of the enemy.

Houston was sure that Santa Anna would follow him to the head of the San Jacinto river, so he marched to that point. By cutting off all means of escape, he determined to win or die. Houston moved so slowly that the Texas soldiers became alarmed. Even those who trusted him most grew impatient, and murmured at the delays in their onward march. He began to retreat March the thirteenth, traveling slowly from Gonzales to the Colorado, thence to the several points on the Brazos, with Santa Anna's army close behind. Men, women and children were fleeing at the very sound of Santa Anna's name. So strange did General Houston's movements seem to the people that they began to wonder, in terror, if they were going to be protected by the Texas army.

In the meantime, Santa Anna, feeling very proud of his recent victories, and sure that he would have others, had allowed the three divisions of his army to scatter. The so-called central division, which he accompanied in person, commanded by Generals Sesma and Filisola (Fēēl-ĭ-sō′-lä), had been following Houston upon his retreat. So sure did Santa Anna feel of his power over the Texans that he left his main army on the Brazos, and with about one thousand men went to Harrisburg. Here he thought he could capture Presi-

dent Burnet and his cabinet. He found Harrisburg deserted, so he burned the town and marched rapidly to Washington; which town he also burned. It was his plan to follow the President and his cabinet to Washington, take them prisoners, and declare the war at an end.

But while his army was getting ready to take the ferry at Lynchburg (Lynch's Ferry) a scout reported to Santa Anna that Houston and the Texas army were near at hand. This information took Santa Anna, who was separated from his army, by surprise.

THE TEXANS PREPARE FOR BATTLE

As the Texans prepared for battle, they neglected nothing, not even the smallest detail, and they obeyed every command of their chieftain. The day was fine, and after each Texan had eaten his simple breakfast, General Houston looked over his army. He encouraged the soldiers by his cheerful words, and by telling each officer what he wanted him to do. He told "Deaf" Smith, a cool-headed scout, to get two good axes and hide them in a safe place, easy to reach, where, upon a moment's notice, he could bring them out for use. He told Smith not to pass the sentinel's lines without notice from him.

A large force had arrived to join Santa Anna, and there was much moving and stirring in the Mexicans' camp. General Houston knew the effect this would have upon his men. He told them that what looked like new forces for the enemy were the same Mexicans

they had seen the day before, who were just marching up and down in order to frighten the Texas soldiers, and that it was a way the Mexicans had of alarming the Texans.

At this same time, General Houston sent "Deaf" Smith and one comrade with secret orders to go to the rear of that new Mexican force to find out how large it was, then return quietly to him.

When the messengers returned they reported where the soldiers could hear, "That it was just as the General had said, the Mexicans were only trying to frighten the Texans." But to the General's ear they whispered that "General Cos (Cōs) had come by forced marches with more than five hundred men to reinforce Santa Anna."

GENERAL HOUSTON HOLDS A COUNCIL OF WAR

General Houston immediately called a council of his field officers, under the solemn oaks at San Jacinto, and the council determined upon battle.

Seeing that the Texans were restless and eager for attack, General Houston called "Deaf" Smith and his companions to him, and he went with them to the place where the axes had been hid that morning. Handing an axe to each of these reliable men the General said, "Take these axes, make your way to Vinces Bridge, cut it down and come back like eagles or you will lose the day."

The cutting down of Vinces bridge, across Vinces bayou, a stream which empties into Buffalo bayou,

stopped all chance of escape, for both armies had had to cross it to reach the battle ground.

THE ATTACK

At three o'clock in the afternoon of April the twenty-first, 1836, General Houston made the charge which inspired every Texan. "Remember the Alamo!" and "Remember Goliad!" rang out the voices of the Texans. The Mexicans, who were either taking their afternoon nap or hiding behind trees and bushes, were completely taken by surprise. At this moment, "Deaf" Smith rode up, his horse covered with mire and foam, shouting, as he waved his axe over his head, "I have cut down Vinces Bridge! Fight for your lives and remember the Alamo!"

The mounted Texas soldiers were first sent to the front, advancing in steady lines, and the cannon was carried within two hundred yards of the enemy's breastworks.

The two cannon "Twin sisters," a gift of the city of Cincinnati to the Republic of Texas, kept up a steady firing, shattering and shivering everything they struck. As General Houston spurred his horse into the very breast of the foe, the Texans rushed solidly upon the Mexicans. The Mexicans, lined up in exact order, sent a heavy storm of bullets, but sent them too high, and they went over the heads of the Texans.

General Houston was wounded in the ankle and his horse was shot. When they had used all of their ammunition, the Texans used their rifles as war clubs,

splintering them upon the heads of the Mexicans. After firing one shot from their pistols the Texans did not stop to re-load, but threw the heavy iron at the head of some Mexican. Like wild men the Texans flew after the Mexicans who tried to escape.

In no sense did the Mexicans show a lack of courage and readiness upon the field of San Jacinto. They made bold charges, but, as the battle advanced, they began to realize what their massacres at Goliad and at the Alamo meant to the Texans.

When the last line of Texans was charged by a Mexican division, General Houston dashed to the front of his men, shouting, "Come on, my brave fellows, your General leads you!" The right and left wings of the Mexican army had been scattered before the central portion was broken, but soon the Mexican soldiers, each one bent on saving his life, staggered or fell in the oozy, swampy grass.

When the flying Mexicans, pursued by the Texans, reached Vinces Bayou, and found that the bridge was gone, they clung to the banks, or plunged into the dark, muddy water, sinking to the bottom. The few who succeeded in crossing fell back into the water, shot by some Texan.

As a last means of escape some of the Mexicans had rushed to the island of green trees where the Mexicans had been in camp. Here the marshy ground was deep, and the horses, with their riders, sank into the mire and were instantly covered over. Dead men,

horses, saddles, guns, pistols, soon made a bridge over the marshy ground.

Almonte (Al-mŏn′-tā), secretary to Santa Anna, and some of his men had agreed that they would either fight the Texans or surrender, but that they would not run away. General Houston, with as many men as he could gather together, led them to a charge, but his wounded horse fell dead with seven bullets in his faithful body. Not until his horse fell did the Texans know that General Houston was wounded. As his wounded leg touched the ground, he fell. He gave his command to General Rusk and another horse was brought to him.

As General Rusk advanced upon the Mexicans, Almonte came forward with his sword. The Alamo and Goliad were remembered and San Jacinto was won!

SANTA ANNA BEFORE GENERAL HOUSTON

Santa Anna was captured by the Texans and was a prisoner at their mercy. On the morning of the twenty-second of April he was taken, by the Texas soldiers to General Houston, who, on account of the pain from his wound, lay upon a blanket under a tree.

Santa Anna bowed very low, and, with fine words, began the interview.

"I am General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, a prisoner of war, sir, at your disposal."

General Houston asked him to be seated. Santa Anna continued, "Sir, you should be very considerate,

for, remember, you have captured the Napoleon of the West."

"Do you expect mercy at *our* hands when *you* showed none at the Alamo?" asked General Houston.

To this inquiry Santa Anna replied, "When a fort refuses to surrender, and is taken by assault, the prisoners are doomed to death, according to the rules of war."

"If that be true," replied Houston, "such a rule is a disgrace to this civilized nineteenth century. Tell me, sir," continued Houston, "under what rule of war do you place Goliad?"

To this Santa Anna replied, "I had orders from my government to execute every man taken with arms in his hands."

"Ah, sir," replied Houston, "*you are the government*, for *you* are *Dictator*! Who, in your government, can be superior to you, *who are Dictator?* You must, at once, write an order for all Mexican troops to abandon our country and return to their homes."

Had there been a way out of this, Santa Anna would have found it, but there was no escape from him here. He wrote the order and it was sent by "Deaf" Smith and Henry Karnes to General Filisola, who was second in command.

Santa Anna tried to discuss with General Houston the matter of purchasing his freedom but the Texan Commander told him that such matters must come before the government of Texas.

SOME RESULTS OF SAN JACINTO

Some of the Texans thought that Santa Anna's own blood ought to pay the price of his treatment of the Texans, but General Houston decided upon another course. His dealings with Santa Anna were tactfully made and showed his great sense. He formed a solid compact with Santa Anna which provided that he should never again take up arms against the Texans. Every Mexican soldier was to be sent home. All property, great or small, valuable or not, which the Mexicans had captured from the Texans, should be returned.

Santa Anna solemnly promised to abide by the terms of this compact. President Burnet detained Santa Anna a prisoner for a time, but he was liberated by General Houston and sent to Washington in July, 1837, and from there he returned to Mexico.

HOUSTON'S FURTHER SERVICE TO TEXAS

At the next election for President, General Sam Houston with great rejoicing was chosen the first constitutional President of the Republic of Texas. He was elected at Columbia on the Brazos, then the Capital of Texas. He served one term in the Texas Congress and from 1841 to 1845 he again served the Republic of Texas as President.

President Houston was anxious for Texas to become one of the States in the United States. When Texas was admitted into the Union in 1845 he was elected to the United States Senate, serving until May, 1857.

In 1857, Runnels defeated Houston for Governor

of Texas, and in 1859 Houston defeated Runnels for the same office.

In 1861, when war between the northern and the southern states began, many of the southern States left the Union. The Texas people wanted their State to leave the Union for they believed in all of the principles taught by the South. For the first time, the people of Texas would not listen to Houston who did not want Texas to leave the Union.

In January, 1861, a convention sat at Austin, Texas, which considered whether or not Texas should leave the Union. Houston would not attend the convention.

On February the twenty-third, 1861, the matter was submitted to the people of the State.

As Governor Houston was honestly opposed to Texas leaving the Union and as the people wanted their State to withdraw, they declared his office vacant. Some of his friends wanted to sustain him in office but he saw the results which might come by force, so he quietly gave the office up.

Though the people did not, at the time, agree with Houston, he could look far ahead and see what they could not see. He knew the conditions in both the north and the south, and some of the things that he said "would certainly happen" came about exactly as he said they would.

Though Texas, against Houston's will, left the Union, he always loved her, and one of his sons, with Houston's consent, served in the Confederate Army.

LAST DAYS OF HOUSTON

Sam Houston's last days were spent at his home in Huntsville. On Sunday, June the twenty-sixth, 1863, surrounded by his family, his bold, fine spirit went back to God.

His remains rest at Huntsville, under a tomb which, in accord with an act of the Texas Legislature, has been placed there by the people of Texas.

The beautiful city of Houston, situated on Buffalo Bayou, twenty-two miles from the San Jacinto battle-field, is named for General Sam Houston.

The State of Texas has converted the San Jacinto battle-field into a beautiful park. Broad drive ways, parks and a picturesque boat landing make of this historic spot a very attractive place to visit.

In the words of General Andrew Jackson, which significant phrase is engraved upon the tomb of General Houston :

" The world will take care of Houston's fame."

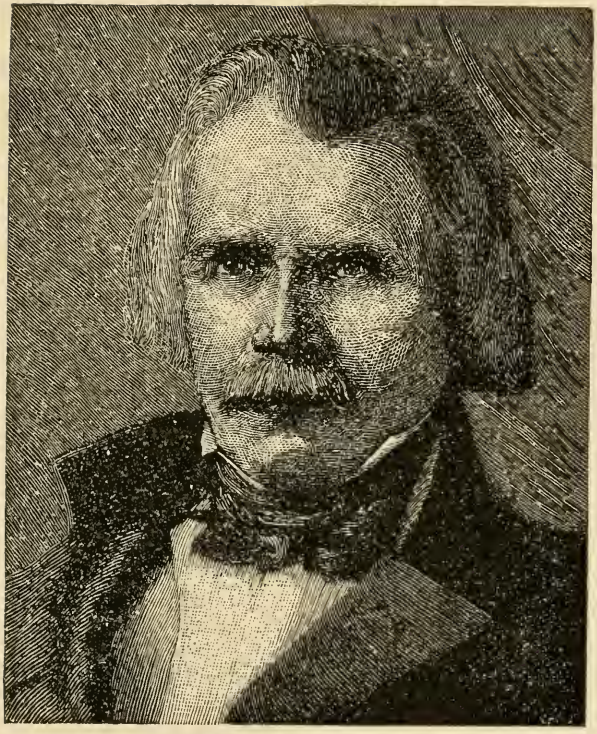
THE HERO OF SHILOH

Albert Sidney Johnston was born in Washington, Mason County, Kentucky, February the second, 1803. His father, a busy doctor, who made long journeys over the country, was considered the wise man in the community, and people came from far and near to consult him about many things. His mother was a kind, gentle little woman whose whole heart was in her home.

Little Albert Sidney loved the games and sports that boys usually love, and he was a leader and an organizer among his little friends. As he grew into a larger boy he became more quiet and he loved to sit alone and read or study and plan what he was going to do. His father said that the boy "knew how to reason," and that he could see two sides of a matter at the same time.

When he was fifteen years old, he attended school for one session in western Virginia, after which he was employed in a drug store, where he took an active interest in his work.

While he was a student at Transylvania College he became deeply interested in stories of the sea, and he said he thought he would like to join the United States Navy. In this he was influenced by his great love for American history and by what some of his older friends



ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

had told him of the victories of the Americans in the great sea fights in the War of 1812. He made up his mind to go to sea and he tried to make his plans to that end. But his mother and father were unwilling for him to go, and in order to change his desire, they sent him away for a long visit, with his sister, to Louisiana. His sister tried very hard to interest him in other things so he would forget the longing to go to sea, and she at last succeeded.

When he returned to Transylvania college he studied hard, doing fine work in mathematics, science and Latin. A desire to become a soldier took the place of his desire to go to sea, and in this his parents and teachers encouraged him.

JOHNSTON BECOMES A SOLDIER

He procured an appointment to West Point, and with quiet diligence began his preparations for a soldier's life. He seemed to have made up his mind to learn everything in the course of study, for he was a constant worker and made fine class marks.

In 1832 he served as a civil engineer in the Black Hawk War, traveling over plains, through forests and across rivers, fighting the wild, keen-eyed Indians.

JOHNSTON JOINS THE TEXANS

In 1836, Johnston joined the Texans, who were fighting for their liberty, and he entered freely into the spirit of Texas independence. He favored the annexation of Texas to the United States, and he watched every interest and need of the young Republic.

He was Secretary of War of the Republic of Texas under President Lamar, and in 1839 he took up the difficult work of sending the Cherokee Indians out of east Texas, by organizing an expedition to march against them.

Albert Sidney Johnston fought with General Zachariah Taylor in the war between the United States and Mexico, serving as Colonel of the Second Regiment of Volunteers. When the war with Mexico came to a close, he was appointed Inspector General in the Army of the United States. In 1849 he was made paymaster, and given duty with the Second Cavalry on the Texas frontier.

For a number of years he was a citizen of Austin, Texas. In 1855, with General Harney, he went to the plains of the west, though every now and then he visited his plantation home in Brazos County, Texas, where he lived quietly and happily.

His eyes were upon Texas all the time, her affairs at home and away from home, for he was a devoted friend to the cause of his adopted State.

In 1857, while in command of the Department of Texas, he was ordered to Utah, to put down disorder among the Mormons. In this dangerous and difficult work he served two years, and was successful in the end. He was next placed in command of the Pacific Coast with headquarters at San Francisco.

JOHNSTON JOINS THE CONFEDERACY

In 1861, when he heard that Texas had left the Union, he resigned his command in the United States

Army and went to Richmond, Virginia, where he joined the Confederacy, and he was at once placed in command of the western defences. He commanded the Confederate lines west of the Cumberland Mountains to the Mississippi River, including Forts Donelson and Henry.

Arranged against him were the enemy in Kentucky, more than one hundred thousand strong, under General Buell, and across in Illinois, fifteen thousand strong under General Grant.

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH

Johnston did not wait for the attack of Buell and Grant, who had planned to crush the Confederates. But at daylight, April the sixth, 1862, he attacked Grant near Shiloh, a country church about two miles from the Tennessee river near the line between Mississippi and Tennessee. It was a quick, terrible battle. The battle was fought in a peach orchard, and near by was a pond which was named "Bloody pond" by the Confederates since it ran red with soldiers' blood. The battle was so fierce and furious that one of the positions was called "Hornets' nest."

Hour after hour the Confederates sent back the enemy, withering their lines. At last General Johnston shouted, "Men, you must give them the bayonet! I will lead you!" Then, with a whoop and a yell the long Confederate line charged! They gained their position, and sent the enemy flying toward the river. With the enemy hemmed in by the Tennessee river on

one hand and a dense swamp on the other, the Confederates stood boldly in front. As the enemy could not pass the river or the swamp, and they could not pass the Confederates, victory was ready to crown the Confederates.

DEATH OF ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON

But at the very moment of victory, the central figure was removed! General Johnston was shot as he sat on his horse directing the battle. The artery in his leg, shot by a minie ball, was cut and torn, and as no one was near to staunch the bleeding of the dangerous wound, he bled to death.

General Beauregard took command. Buell rejoined Grant with fresh soldiers, and the Confederates were out-numbered two to one.

General Johnston's body was tenderly carried from the battle-field by his soldiers, and for some years it rested in Metrie Cemetery, New Orleans, where, over his grave, a beautiful bronze statue was placed by the citizens of this true southern city.

In accord with General Johnston's expressed wish, "I want my body to rest in Texas soil," by an act of the Texas Legislature, and with permission of the city of New Orleans, the sacred remains were removed to Austin, Texas. Under a tomb erected by an Act of the Texas Legislature, in the State Cemetery, rests the body of the Hero of Shiloh.

OUR INDIAN FIGHTER GOVERNOR

Lawrence Sullivan Ross was the son of the Indian fighter and Texas ranger, General Shapley P. Ross. "Sul" Ross, as he was called, was born at Benton's Port, Iowa, in 1838. He was known among his friends for his unfailing steady nerve in hours of danger, and for his good, sound sense. He attended school at Baylor University at Waco, Texas, and later at the Wesleyan University at Florence, Alabama.

As he was returning home, in the summer of 1858, to spend his vacation, he gathered together a company of one hundred and twenty-five Indian warriors. He went to the support of Major Earl Van Dorn who was leading the second United States Cavalry against the war-loving Comanche Indians.

In October, 1858, he took part in the battle of Wichita. In this battle, by his steady nerve and calm manner, he rescued a little eight-year-old white girl who had been in the hands of the Indians since she was a baby. He named her Lizzie Ross and took her to his mother's home where she received training and kind attention and grew into a useful woman.

General Van Dorn and young Ross were both badly wounded in the battle of Wichita. When the young

soldier had regained his strength after his painful wound, he returned to school at Florence, Alabama, where, in 1859, he graduated. The next year he was placed at the head of a company of sixty Texas rangers.

The Texas rangers were a band of bold, daring men who looked after the Texas frontier and all of the border lands, demanding law and order. Both the Indians and the Mexicans on the border were troublesome. They burned homes, stole horses, destroyed the crops and committed murder whenever and however they could. The Rangers were organized for active, ready service, with no fixed military rules to be followed.

CYNTHIA ANN PARKER

As they guarded the western frontier, Ross and his Rangers gave a blow to the Comanche Indians from which these fierce warriors never recovered. In the battle at the head of Pease River, the savage chief, Peter Nocona, was killed. Captain Ross and his men captured the treasures which, from year to year, these Indians had stolen and stored away. But the Captain captured one prize from these Indians that was a very great surprise to him. It was a young woman who, when she was a little girl, had been stolen and carried away by the Comanche Indians, who captured her at Parker's Fort in 1836. Her name was Cynthia Ann Parker. When they first found her, Captain Ross and his Rangers were angry to think that a white woman for so long a time had been a captive with savages.

But they learned that she knew their language and had forgotten her own, that the Indians had been kind to her, and that she loved them.

Cynthia Ann Parker was the wife of the chief, Peter Nocono, whom they had just slain. One of their sons, Quanah (Kwa′-nä) Parker was later chief of the Comanches.

Though Captain Ross and his Rangers took her back to her own people, believing this to be the greatest kindness to her, her roving Indian life held such charm for her that she could not be happy in the change, and after a few years of civilization she died.

Captain Ross gave such valuable service that Governor Sam Houston appointed him an aide-de-camp (ād′-dŭ-cŏm), with the rank of Colonel. When others failed and continued to fail Colonel Ross put the frontier in order.

In 1860, General Houston wrote to Colonel Ross, "Continue to punish the Indians as you are now doing, and the people of Texas will not fail to reward you." And the people did not fail. Since the highest reward for work is more work, and more difficult work, he lived to bear many other burdens for his State and to receive from her many expressions of appreciation.

ROSS ENTERS THE CONFEDERATE ARMY

In 1861, Ross entered the Confederate Army, a private soldier in the company commanded by his brother, Colonel P. F. Ross.

He was promoted rapidly because of his knowledge

of military affairs, his rare, good sense and his fine character. The soldiers as well as the officers trusted him. In September, 1861, he was placed in command of the Sixth Texas Cavalry. The next May he was elected Colonel and placed in command of his brigade. But as he cared more about giving service than he did about receiving honors he did not accept the command of the brigade.

One time, upon Hatchie river in Mississippi, while he was guarding the wagon trains of the Confederates, with one thousand men he held ten thousand of the enemy away long enough for the Confederate forces to reform and safely retreat in order.

The Confederate War Department at Richmond, Virginia, asked for the name of the soldier who had given this fine service at Hatchie river. When the name of Colonel Ross was given, General Joseph E. Johnston, one of the leaders of the South, had Colonel Ross appointed a Brigadier-General. Later, he fought with Generals Johnston and Hood.

As General Ross rode rapidly near a battle-field one day at the head of a body of cavalry, he saw one of his old soldiers lying near the roadside, left there to die. Shot and shell were flying, for the enemy was at hand, but when the old soldier called to the General, he rode to him, dismounted, examined his wounds, gave him water to drink, and asked him if he was strong enough to ride behind him on his horse. When the old soldier said that the pain from his wounds was too great, Gen-

eral Ross turned his pockets inside out and gave him all of the money that he had. He then rode to the head of his command while the enemy kept up a steady fire.

SERVICE IN TIME OF PEACE

At the close of the war in 1865, General Ross returned to his home in Waco. He was brave upon the battlefield, but this was not all. He knew how to direct the beliefs and opinions of his fellow-men and to point them to proper paths. Sometimes it requires a greater leader to do this than to fight upon the field. He was a member of a very important body called the "Constitutional Convention," and he was a member of the State Senate from 1881 to 1883. In 1886 the people of Texas said that he had done so much for them that they would give him the highest honor in their power, so they elected him Governor. He served honorably for four years after which, like General Robert E. Lee, he was elected President of a large college for the education of young men, the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas, located at College Station, Brazos County. Here many young men profited by his example of manliness, modesty, and unaffected, strong character. When he passed away in January, 1898, all Texas mourned the loss of one who had shared many lights and shadows of her changeful history.

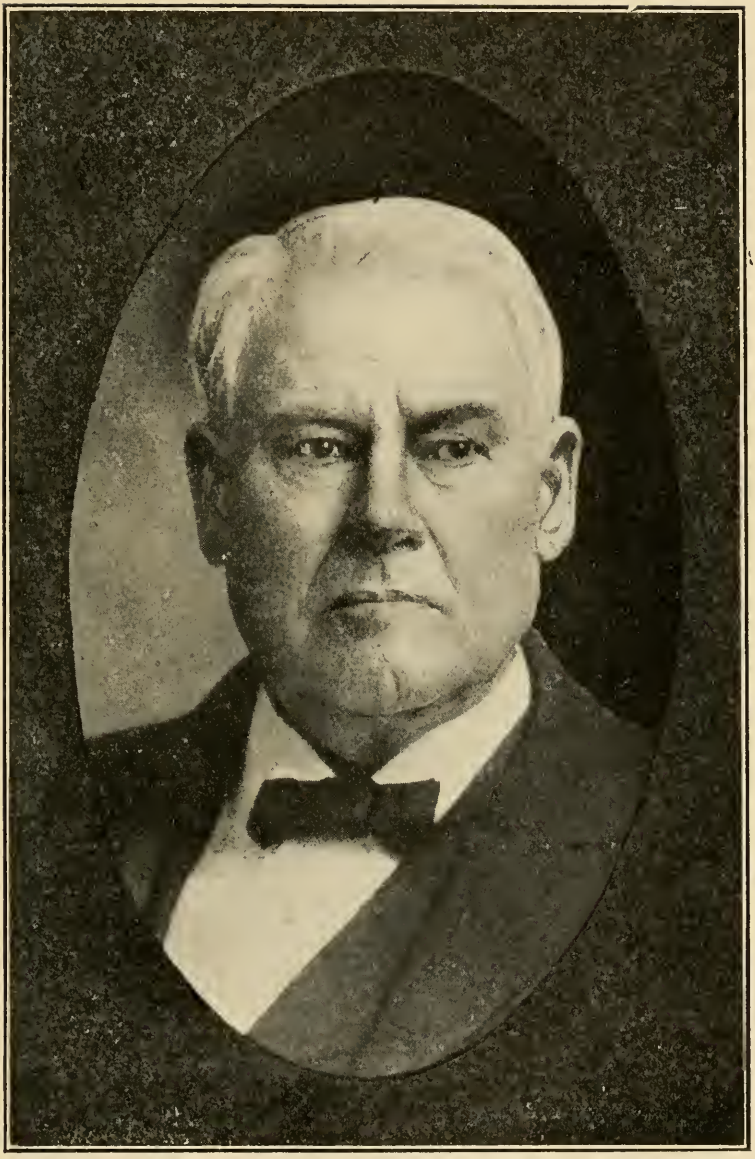
THE OLD COMMONER

Judge John H. Reagan, because he had strong character, noble purpose and was willing to accept the results of the right whatever they might be, was called "the old Commoner."

Like all men who really help the world, he was unaffected, plain and modest, and he never pretended to be what he was not. Every body knew just exactly where to find Judge Reagan, and that he could not, however great the inducement might be, be led to do a thing or to share in a thing which he did not believe to be honorable and manly.

John Heninger Reagan was born on October the eighth, 1818, in Sevier County, Tennessee. His great grand-father had been a soldier in the War of the American Revolution and was wounded at the battle of Brandywine.

The first school that John H. Reagan attended was at Nancy Academy in Sevierville. His father was not able to send him to school very long, so he found work to do. He wanted to work a while in order that he might make enough money to go to school, for there was nothing that he wanted so much as an education. He left his home to look for work, and he found it, as



JOHN H. REAGAN.

boys usually do when they look long enough and really want to find it.

Major Walker, who owned a large farm, employed him to do farm work, and he agreed to receive the pay for his work in corn at two shillings a bushel. His next work was managing a set of saw-mills, and at this work he made enough money to go to the college at Maryville two sessions. Major Walker found young Reagan to be a good worker and reliable, so he asked him if he wouldn't come back and work for him again, this time to be bookkeeper in his large country store. He kept books a while, but, being determined to finish his education, he sought employment that would pay him enough to allow him to return to college. He left Tennessee and went to Decatur, Alabama, seeking employment.

After some time spent in Decatur he went to Memphis, Tennessee, then to Natchez, Mississippi. At Natchez he secured a position as teacher, which position he was just about to take, when a man who owned a large farm asked him if he would not like to manage it. As this paid much better than the position as teacher, and as he was anxious to make enough money to complete his education, he accepted the offer, and for a good long time managed the farm.

He left Natchez on a boat for the Red River, intending to go to Alexandria, Louisiana, but an incident which came up on the boat changed his plans. He met Colonel Strode, a merchant from Nacogdoches, who

offered to pay him eight hundred dollars a year to sell goods for him in Nacogdoches. He accepted the offer and came to Texas in 1839.

REAGAN COMES TO TEXAS

In 1839, the Texas frontier was alive with wild Indians who were plundering and destroying property everywhere within their reach. John H. Reagan fought the Indians and protected the inhabitants who were so annoyed by them.

From 1839 until 1843 he surveyed the public lands of Texas, during which time he traveled over much of east Texas, camping in the woods and on the banks of the rivers. He studied carefully the nature of the soil, trees and plants of Texas.

In 1844, without a teacher and with only a few law books, he began to study law. In 1846 he received a license to practice law, and he opened an office at Buffalo, on the Trinity River. After one year of practice he was elected to the Legislature. In 1852 he was elected District Judge; in 1857 he was elected to Congress and re-elected in 1859. In 1861 he was appointed Postmaster General of the Confederacy. He also served the Confederate government for a short time as Secretary of the Treasury.

In 1875 he was again elected to Congress, and he was member of the State convention which framed our constitution in 1876. He continued his service in Congress until 1887 when he was elected a member of the United States Senate, which honorable office he held

until 1891, when he resigned to accept the chairmanship of the Texas Railroad Commission.

He held the chairmanship of the Texas Railroad Commission for eleven and a half years, when he resigned and retired to private life at his beautiful home near Palestine, " Fort Houston," where he died March the sixth, 1905, aged eighty-seven years.

MORE SOLDIERS THAN VOTERS

Many of the brave deeds and acts of self-sacrifice which have made the glory of the Confederate soldier were done by the Confederate soldiers who went into the southern army from the State of Texas. The war, 1861 to 1865, between the northern and southern States, was fiercely fought. The people who lived in these two sections could not agree upon many important matters, and though wise and far-seeing men in both sections tried to settle the strife without fighting, this could not be done.

The southern States, Texas among them, left the Union, and formed the " Confederate States of America." The South believed that, according to the Constitution of the United States, a State had a right to leave the Union.

One county in Texas sent more soldiers to fight than there were voters in the county. To be a voter a man must be twenty-one years of age, so more men left that county to fight than were old enough to vote. In every great battle the Texas soldiers took a part. At Manassas, Shiloh, Sharpsburg, Chickamauga, the Wilderness, Gettysburg, and Ganies' mill, the blood of brave young Texans was left upon the field. The

MONUMENT TO TERRY'S TEXAS RANGERS.

(Capitol Grounds, Austin, Texas.)

soldiers who lived through the din of war, came back to their homes at its close to take up life, rebuild their ruined homes, and to make the Texas that we have today.

Though they had passed through four long years of fighting, long marches, hunger and sickness, and they reached their shattered homes worn out in mind and body, the Confederate soldiers, who returned to their Texas homes, took up the duties that were before them, and they were many. Farm lands had been neglected and homes in the towns had not been kept up, In many homes every man in the family was in the war, husband, father, brother and son. No factories had been built, no churches, no schoolhouses, no good roads, and the improvement of the State was at a stand still.

THE WOMEN OF THE SIXTIES

But while the men of Texas were fighting upon the battle-field the women of Texas were doing their best to keep up their homes and to have them ready to make the brave soldiers comfortable when the war was over.

These women did spinning and weaving, and they made the garments which covered their own fair bodies and those of their little children. They sent many garments, made with their own hands, to the soldiers on the field and to those in the hospitals. They sent all comforts which they could to give cheer to the soldiers.

Some of these brave women taught little schools. They taught their own and their neighbors' children in

the parlors of their homes, in a church, or hall, and the children learned many good and useful things.

BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE SIXTIES

One boy studied, with his mother, the four years of the war, and when the war was over, just as soon as he could earn the money to do it, he entered college. His instructors said he was better prepared for college than most of the boys they had taught, and his only teacher had been his mother.

Another boy, twelve years old when the war began, took care of his mother and two little sisters for the four long years. He made a crop with the assistance of one old negro servant, he sold vegetables, and three months of each year he worked in a grocery store.

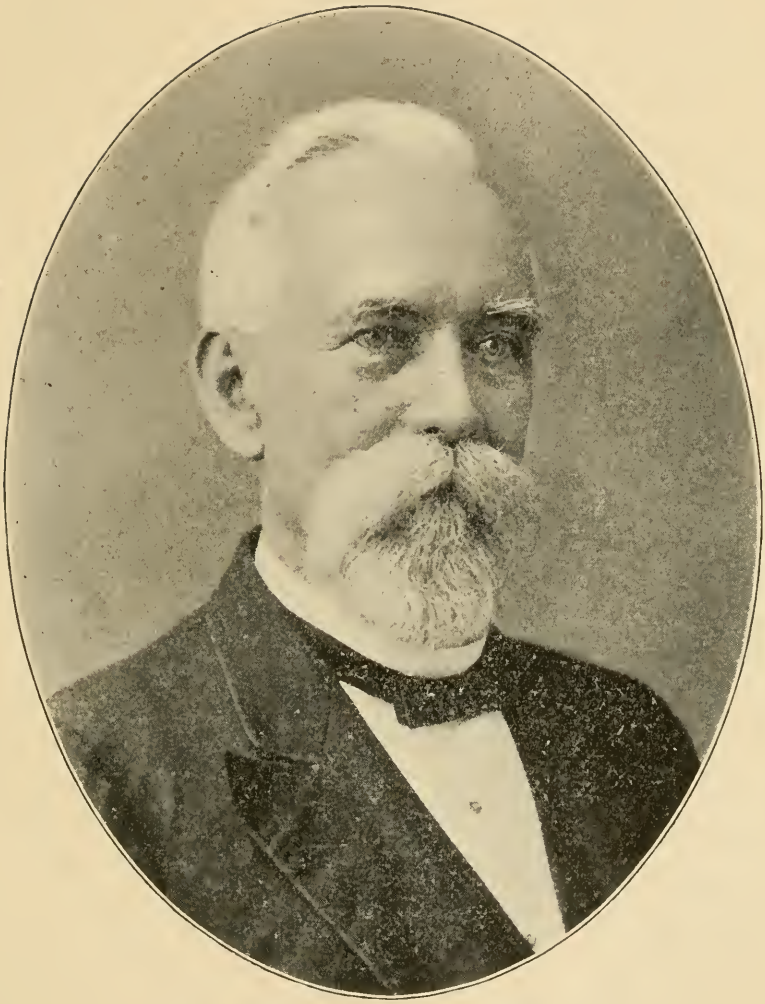
He could not go to school, though he wanted very much to go, but he provided his mother and little sisters with comforts at a time when comforts were hard to provide. This boy became one of the leading business men of the United States.

The girls of the sixties nursed the soldiers, cared for the little ones while their mothers were at work, and they tried to make the sad-hearted people happy. This is just as fine a business as a young girl can have.

Though the great number of battles in the war between the States were fought in other States than Texas, in which, as we have said, the young Texans took glorious part, there was some quick, fine action in Texas.

BATTLE OF SABINE PASS

On September the eighth, 1863, the Confederates



FRANCIS RICHARD LUBBOCK.

had a brilliant success at Sabine Pass. Two cotton-covered vessels darted fearlessly out from Sabine Lake and captured two of the enemy's blockading vessels, the *Velocity* and the *Morning Light*, and drove away four other vessels. The Confederates, numbering only forty-two, were under the command of Captain " Dick " Dowling, a brave young Irishman whom his men loved and trusted. This act of Captain Dowling's was one of the finest pieces of personal work known during the four years of the war, for it prevented the landing of six thousand Federal troops whose purpose was to invade Texas.

The heroism of Dick Dowling and his men prevented the Federal Government from establishing control in Texas. The importance of this victory was acknowledged by President Jefferson Davis in the following letter which he wrote in 1884.

President Davis said: " Rocked in the cradle of the Revolution, the history of Texas is full of heroic deeds, from the self-sacrificing band of the Alamo, who gave to the State the example of how men should dare and die to protect the helpless, to the defense of Sabine Pass, which for intrepidity and extraordinary success must, I think, be admitted to have no parallel in the annals of ancient or modern warfare."

THE CAPTURE OF THE *HARRIET LANE*

On the coast of Galveston on New Year's Day, 1863, the Confederate boats *Neptune* and *Banyou City*, attacked the Federal boat, *Harriet Lane*, com-

manded by Captain Wainwright. The Confederate boats fired from behind a high wall of cotton bales and Captain Wainwright was killed. General J. B. Magruder commanded the Confederates. The *Neptune* was sunk, but the *Banyou City* became caught and entangled in the rigging of the *Harriet Lane*, giving the Confederates the opportunity to jump on board and take possession of her. The officers on the *Harriet Lane* were lost, and she surrendered. After a stout resistance the enemy on land also surrendered. Their ship, the *Westfield*, in trying to get out of the harbor, ran aground, and in order to keep the Confederates from capturing her the Federals blew her up. From this time until the war closed Texas was in the hands of the Confederates. Governor F. R. Lubbock, Governor of Texas at the time, is called the "War Governor."

The last battle of the war was fought in Texas, at Brazos, Santiago, May 14, 1865.

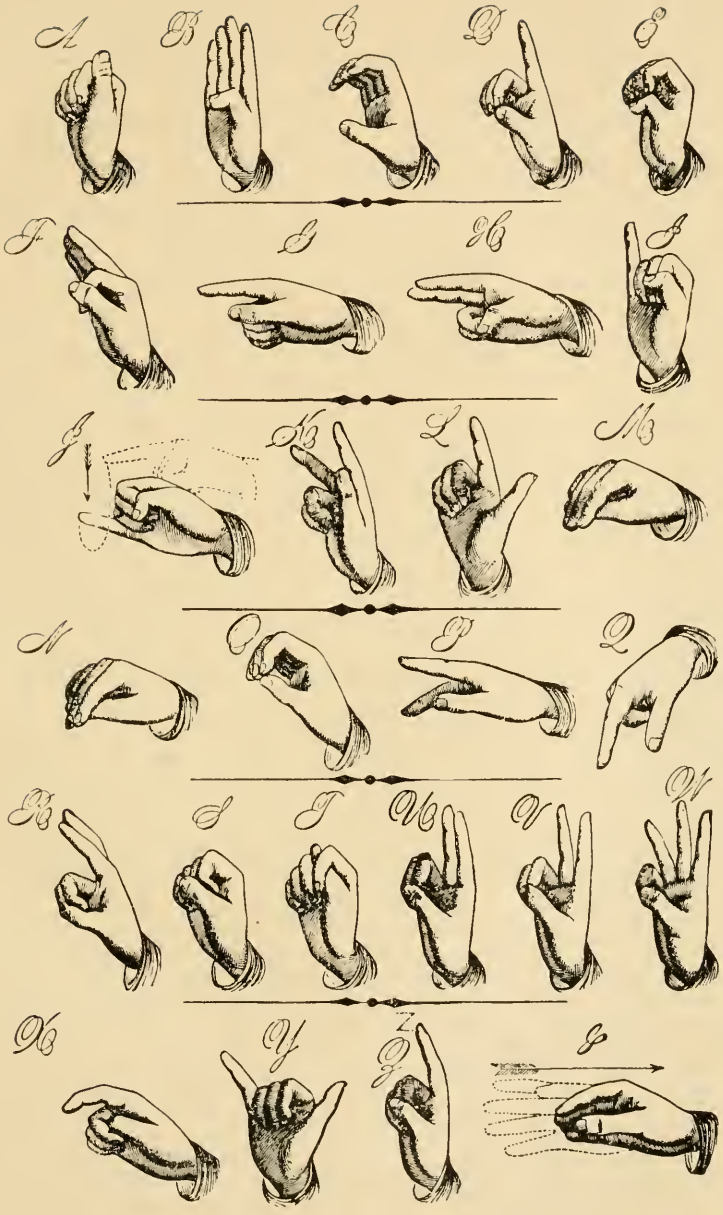
TEXAS HONORS THE CONFEDERACY

The State of Texas takes good care of those of her Confederate soldiers who are helpless and penniless in the beautiful Texas Confederate Home at Austin. This State also takes care of the helpless wives and widows of her Confederate soldiers, in the attractive and comfortable Texas Confederate Woman's Home at Austin.

Monuments in marble and bronze have been erected in many cities and towns in Texas, to honor the valor

CAPTAIN DICK DOWLING

and self-sacrifice of these heroes. Some of these monuments have been erected by surviving comrades and friends, and others by the devoted women banded together in the sacred memory of the soldiers of the Confederacy.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